

Sports Illustrated

MAY 17, 1965

35 CENTS

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PART 1



Look what's happened to the original
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There's just no stopping the new Tuxedo Park Mark IV. It's the smart way to go sporting. With 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive you have an edge on the crowd. Take it down to the beach—up on the ski trail—out in the boondocks. It's part of the fun!

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with 4-wheel drive.

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When you see these three rings on a tire you know: it's the General Dual 90, considered by many to be the world's finest tire. There's no other tire like it.

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Misty Haven for Sportsmen

Scotland offers some of the world's best golf courses, hunting rivers and salmon streams—and pony trekking

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Next week

CAN THE BEE STING? The Bear against Tex Maule previews the Clay-Letton fight, while Gilbert Rogers reviews the hit and winning ways of Angelo Dundee, Clay's manager and ex-trainer.

THE BATTLE AT INDY for the pole in the biggest U.S. auto racing event outside the 500 itself. Among 200,000 spectators at the Brickyard will be Bob Gurnee to report on the struggle.

YACHTING'S SWEET LIFE on the Riviera is sketched by Austin Douglas Gardner and described by Carleton Mitchell, turned—slit!—unabashed stinkpotter for the occasion.

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Vespa



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SHOPWALK

Travel agencies have begun to specialize in journeys for vacationing sportsmen

How about taking a balloon trip to an unknown destination this summer? This suggestion comes from Ports of Call travel consultants at 19 West 57 Street. Ports of Call is one of several agencies dedicated to providing new, offbeat ideas for the adventurous traveler. The balloon, which belongs to a Dutch ballooning club, takes off rain or shine with the pilot and three enthusiasts firmly ensconced in a Spanish reed basket that fully meets the requirements of Dutch aviation authorities. The pilot has had more than 400 flights, and no passenger has ever fallen out. Since the course is dictated by the wind, passengers are advised to carry German, Dutch and Belgian money. The trip costs \$125 per person.

Ports of Call also suggests a three-week gold-diggers' tour to northern Brazil where gold powder and sometimes even nuggets are found in the Cucuuu Stream.

Jay Castle, who co-founded the Matterhorn Sport Club in 1958 and helped to send thousands of members on charter trips to Europe and the Far East, has now opened his own travel agency. Zenith Tours at 21 East 40 Street is set up to help the traveling sportsman who wants to participate in his sport in a foreign environment. Zenith has arranged three four-week tours for the sports-car buff who wants to do more than just watch at some of the Grand Prix World Championship and Grand Touring events in Europe this summer. Arrangements have been made for the client to enter the pits and paddocks during the trials and also to rent a sports car such as a Triumph or Lancia for traveling while in Europe. Each tour will cover two big races from a group that includes the 24 Hours of Le Mans and the Grand Prix races of France, Holland, Germany, Austria and Italy.

H. LeRoy Whitney has established the Sports Travel Center at 445 Park Avenue. An active gentleman whose youthful appearance belies his age, which is 60, Mr. Whitney has roamed all over the globe and been a fisherman and hunter all his life. He recommends the 42,000 square miles of safari land in Mozambique for hunting lions and leopards, eland and zebra. A month-long tour costs \$3,500, and the best time is from late July through September. Another tour—in quite the opposite kind of climate—includes a cruise in search of polar bear off Spitzbergen in the Arctic. Closer to home, Mr. Whitney will send you to the George River in northern Quebec for excellent salmon fishing. In that wilderness area, reachable only by float plane, camps for salmon fishermen are open from the first week in August until Sept. 15.

—FELICIA LEE



How long would your company pay your salary if you were unable to work?

Even the most generous employer couldn't be expected to carry you, at full salary, through a lengthy disability. That's why income replacement is your *first* health insurance need.

Consider this. If you're age 32 and earning \$7,500 a year, your future earning potential is well over a quarter of a million dollars. If you owned property worth that much, you'd never dream of letting it go uninsured—yet you're probably doing just that to yourself.

Perhaps you're the rare person with enough health insurance to meet heavy medical bills. But what about your living expenses . . . rent, food, clothing, schooling? What happens to all that when the paychecks stop?

A good way to insure that the paychecks won't stop is through Aetna Life's Health Estate Program. A program that forecasts your needs. Analyzes your present health protection. And seeks to close the gaps, as economically as possible.

There is no substitute for such thorough, reinsuring Health Estate Programming. Nor is there a substitute for Aetna Life. Aetna has long been the choice of businessmen. More businesses are group insured with Aetna Life than with any other company. Contact your local Aetna Life or Aetna Casualty representative today. You'll sleep a lot easier tomorrow.



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America's second most popular cocktail suddenly becomes a tall, cool summer drink: the Daiquiri Collins

You can make a Daiquiri Collins at home in 30 seconds by combining new frozen fresh Daiquiri Mix, dry, light Puerto Rican rum and just a dash of water or club soda.

More and more Americans are discovering the Daiquiri Collins—one of several variations on the Daiquiri.

The Daiquiri Collins is a refreshing twist on the old Collins—made perfect with dry, light Puerto Rican rum.

Daiquiri zoonas to #2 spot

The Daiquiri has passed the Whiskey Sour and Manhattan in popularity, and is catching up with the Martini.

One reason: frozen fresh Daiquiri Mix. This is pure tropical lime juice with just the right amount of sugar.

Another reason: Puerto Rican rum. All Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof for maximum dryness, then aged in oak—that's the law in Puerto Rico.

For a Daiquiri, just add the mix to the rum. For a Daiquiri Collins, top with water or club soda.

31 rum recipes in free booklet

For recipes of various kinds of Daiquiri and twenty-four other rum drinks, write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. R4B, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.



TASTES LIKE A DAIQUIRI COOLS LIKE A COLLINS

**What's being uncovered at
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**The Jack Kramer Autograph racket,
played by more top-ranked American
tournament stars than any other racket.**

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Wilson Sporting Goods Co. Chicago
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meet Marlin
the new sports-fastback.
how smart!
how exciting!
how much?
(see your
Rambler
dealer)



Meet the first man-size fastback. Man-size action, spirit, room, luxury, Power Disc Brakes, reclining seats that adjust individually for legroom and seat-back angle, and scores of other glamour appointments are standard at no extra cost. A mighty 327 cu.-in. V-8, bucket seats, floor shifts, and wire-wheel covers with spinners are among the options. All the famous Rambler extra-value features are included, of course, at no extra cost. See Marlin, the most exciting Rambler ever built. (In limited production, but stepping up fast.) American Motors—Dedicated to Excellence

If I were a man, I'd smoke White Owl Miniatures.

If you are a man,
take up with the small, trim, good-looking
cigar that makes you look good.
White Owl Miniature...
the little one.



He's going
to shave
with his Ronson

*Isn't that
kind of hard to do
with a cigarette
lighter?*

Get with it! He has the
Ronson "400," that great
new electric shaver. Made
the way of everything
Ronson. With precision.
And detailed excellence.
Designed the Ronson
way. Magnificently. To
give you the kind of shave
your fingers will be feel-
ing all day. In amazement.
Want to see it? You can
see the new Ronson "400"
and its companion, the
Ronson "200," on the fol-
lowing page. Remember,
Ronson does a lot more
than light cigarettes.



SCORECARD

THE MAINE BOUT

Except that Boston District Attorney Garrett H. Byrne was making it much too uncomfortable and uncertain for the promoters, the reasons for the shift of the Clay-Liston heavyweight championship bout from Boston to improbable Lewiston, Me. are hard to come by. Though his reputation is of the highest, one cannot accept Byrne's professed reason as the only one—that he had belatedly discovered irregularities in the promotional setup. Such irregularities are the norm in big fights and have been winked at as much in Boston as anywhere. Other reasons, all speculative, have been suggested:

- Senator Ted Kennedy of Massachusetts, disturbed that no clear proof exists that Sonny Liston has been relieved of his old mobster control, protested to the then governor, Endicott Peabody, after Peabody approved the fight. Peabody, though a Democrat and a friend of the Kennedys, did not withdraw his approval but was defeated for reelection last fall. District Attorney Byrne is a Democrat and Senator Kennedy is a most influential Democrat. The Kennedys backed Byrne when he ran for office 13 years ago.

- Many Bostonians were fearful that, since Champion Cassius (Muhammad Ali) Clay is a black Muslim, followers of the assassinated Malcolm X, a defected Muslim, might revenge themselves on Clay during the fight—with bombs or bullets. Jerry Nason, *Boston Globe* sports editor, took out extra insurance on the lives of five *Globe* men who would be at ringside.

- Byrne had access to reports of chicanery in Miami Beach before the first fight, which ended with Liston surrendering his priceless championship sitting on his stool. (Except for Clay's earlier decision to quit because of something in his eyes, which was overruled by his corner, it had been a fascinating bout up to then.) At hearings of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly it was disclosed that Ash Resnick, a notorious gambler barred from many Florida racetracks, was in Liston's dress-

ing room before the bout and watched it from a vantage point near Liston's corner. There were also reports of special interest in the match in Youngstown, Ohio, a gambling center and second home for many a hoodlum.

HAPPY ENDING

Now that Lew Alcindor, the 7-foot 1-inch New York City basketball player, has announced that he will go to UCLA in the fall, it might be nice if segments of the sporting press and of the nation's coaches apologized to Alcindor's high school coach, Jack Donahue. For two years columnists and coaches refused to believe Donahue when he said he would not attempt to influence Alcindor's decision on where he would play college basketball, and would not make a package deal of himself and Alcindor for some properly appreciative school. When Donahue was appointed coach at Holy Cross last month the cynics were sure they were right, that Alcindor was just going through the motions of visiting other campuses and would follow his coach.

Well, congratulations to UCLA and to Holy Cross. One has acquired the best player prospect in basketball history; the other, an honest man.

RALLY IN TENNESSEE

In a move that has brought it, at long last, into the 20th century, the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association has appointed Robert S. Malaga, Cleveland lawyer, as its Assistant to the President. It was Malaga who brought the Davis Cup matches to Cleveland, where they achieved new financial success. This year Malaga and his volunteer organization are on their way to making the Wightman Cup—women's tennis, no less—a success.

Even outside tennis Malaga has proved himself an expert promoter. Last fall, when it seemed that the Indians were set to move to Seattle, he and his tennis group were asked to lead a drive to keep the team in Cleveland. They did and they sold \$900,000 worth of season

tickets, and the Indians are still there by Lake Erie.

USLTA President Martin L. Tresselt has given Malaga a free hand in his job, which is salaried but supposed to be part-time. Actually, and characteristically, he is working overtime. In his first week at it he arranged for sponsorship of a Junior Davis Cup training camp, helped mediate an international Davis Cup site problem, then hustled off to Chicago to meet with officials of the National Clay Court Tournament.

The only reason for the decline of tournament tennis has been a listless disposition on the part of its inbred rulers to continue operations in the Newport tradition. But the rise of the bath and tennis club in recent years has made it clear that topflight tennis is ready for a boost. After all, there are seven million golfers in this country, but there are eight and a half million tennis players. It would appear that in young Bob Malaga the game finally has found someone with the big, booming serve to give it what it needs.

DIETARY NOTE

Canadian bears have been having no easy time of it. First, there was this business of painting their bottoms red if they were the type that invaded the tents of campers looking for food. They



were then transported to distant places. If they managed to make their way back to where the tourists congregated, the red bottoms were a giveaway and they were picked up again and hauled off to an even more distant area. It was like wearing convict stripes.

Now the grizzly bears in the Rogers Pass country of British Columbia may

continued

He's going to shave with his new Ronson "400" Electric Shaver



The Ronson "400" Electric Shaver is man size with 36 blades! Micro-thin shaving screen cuts close, smooth, quick. Exclusive "Super Trim" clippers groom sideburns, collar zone, mustache. Unbreakable Lexan body. Cleans itself at the flick of a switch. The Ronson "200," Popular priced 32-blade shaver with the same great Ronson features as the "400." At your favorite store.



He'll use the new Ronson Curved N' Shave Electric Shaver. Screen is largest. Polished for close, fast, comfortable shaving. Has convenient "Tension" for underarms. Protective safety shield. Gold-toned parts.



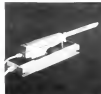
She'll use her hair with the new Ronson Foaming Portable Hair Razor. 40 oz. light foam and quick. Long cord. Four heat ranges. Foams easy with adjustable shoulder strap can be worn as headband. 1 1/2 x 10 inch head. Shaves and washes.



He'll brush his teeth with the new Ronson Electric Toothbrush. Rotates on standard batteries and breaks current rotated in 4 size sets with exclusive Safety-Stopper. Comes up-and-down action. Best cleaning speed.



He'll shave his shoes with the new Ronson Magnetic Electric Hair Follicle. The only one that pulls up attachments magnetically, grips at touch of a button. Applies polish, brushes, buffs. Storage close.



He'll shave his head with the new Ronson Curved N' Shave Electric Shaver. Curved screen and shaves quickly, easily and quietly. Slim balanced grip. Wall rack with built-in extension cord can be used as a knife stand at dinner table.



She'll use the new Ronson 5-Speed Blender to blend when preparing soup, gravy, milk. Only blender with self-feeding wide base. 1 1/2 quart container and longer blades to take whole fruits and vegetables. Easy to clean.



He'll open a can with the new Ronson Can Opener. Electric Can Opener. Portable versatile. Opens any size and shape can. Moves drinks, whips food, mashes potatoes and shuffles letters. Comes with attachment and handy wall rack.

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Ronson does
a lot more
than light
cigarettes.**



be letting themselves in for a big surprise. Tourists traveling the Trans-Canada Highway have been giving them a wider berth than usual, and with good reason.

To forestall dangerous snow slides, highway engineers devised a plan. They would control the slides by triggering them with dynamite when the roads were clear. So they hooked up a number of charges, backed off a safe distance and pressed down on the plunger. Nothing happened.

Hungry grizzlies, it seems, were digging up the dynamite sticks and devouring them like lollipops.

THE KIBITZING CAMERAS

It is a loosely enforced rule in some hall parks, but it is there in the book, and it says that only uniformed personnel and trainers may be in the dugouts during baseball games. It was an embarrassment, therefore, when General Manager George Selkirk of the Washington Senators discovered last weekend that the Senators' and the New York Yankees' dugouts had been infiltrated by two ABC-TV cameras and their operators. The cameras had been there, in fact, for both Friday night's and Saturday's games before anyone noticed. The Washington dugouts are big.

In the fine print of the ABC-TV contract it says that the TV men are entitled to position a ground-level camera between first base and home and another between third and home. A camera on the ground is scarcely maneuverable, so the TV men got permission to set up platforms in the dugouts. Selkirk refused to say who gave the permission, though it was not he. He apologized to Yankee Manager Johnny Keane and insisted on taking all the blame.

Purpose of the dugout rule is to prevent spies from wigwagging information to the opposition. As a side effect, it keeps out pests. Or it does, that is, if it is enforced.

PRO MEETS AMATEURS

The fragrance must have seemed strange to Hank Stram, coach of the Kansas City Chiefs. Instead of the familiar locker-room odors of sweat and liniment, the air carried traces of Chanel No. 5 and Bellodgia. He was addressing 200 women at a sort of football seminar and he was the only man in the room.

Stram took no chances of overesti-

imating the football knowledge of his students. "This," he said, pointing to a blackboard marked off like a gridiron, "is a football field." And he went on to explain that the lines were five yards apart, except for the one-yard hash marks.

"If the hash marks divide the field into one-yard units," a lady asked, "why does the referee step off a penalty?"

"It keeps him active," Stram said. He went on to more complex matters. "This," he said, "is a football."

And he launched into a discussion of kicking. A lady interrupted.

"Why can't you punt the ball through the goal posts and get three points?" she asked.

"Because it's against the rules," Stram told her.

"Can you be penalized for kicking the ball too far?"

"No," he said. "This," he said, "is a helmet."

"With all those bars in front," an advanced student asked, "how did Lonnie Dawson get his nose broken last season?"

"The Houston linebacker," Stram explained, "was very accurate."

After he finished his talk Stram joined the ladies for soft drinks and pastel-colored cookies. The football season seemed very far away.

SPORTING LOOK FOR CANOEISTS

The Texas Water Safari is a grueling, nine-day, 536-mile canoe race from San Marcos to Freeport, so tough that this year only 10 of the 36 teams that started were able to finish. There were waterfalls that could be crossed only by letting the canoes down on ropes. There were portages through swamps and there were logjams. A water moccasin dropped from a tree into one team's canoe. And each weary night Al and Pat Widings, a couple of hawny carpenters from Holly, Mich., took off their green-and-pink women's nylon panties and rinsed them out so that they would be fresh for the next day's run.

The Widings won and, after finishing a quart of ice cream, they explained about those panties. "They let you slide on the seat of the canoe," Al said, "so you don't get blisters."

THE RUSSIAN EVOLUTION

Now that the Russians have won the Olympics and walked in space, they are turning their eyes in another direction. In an article entitled "Scientific Barbari-

ans," *Soviet Life*, which is a first-rate propaganda magazine, reports that a group of history students moved back into the Stone Age for an extended experiment in primitive living. They isolated themselves in the eastern Sayan Mountains, which separate Siberia from Mongolia, and in three hours produced fire by rubbing sticks together. In nine days the students had made a knife, and in 11 days they were able to put together a hammer. They have not got around to the wheel as yet.

The whole thing seems to have a certain subtle significance. Years ago there was a popular American book that forecast socialism. *Looking Backward* it was called. In the age of *The Bomb*, can the Russians be looking forward? Or backward, so to speak? As the boys scout, who can rub sticks together with the best of them, say, "Be prepared."

THE COMPLAINING MASTERS

Some golf professionals are complaining about the distribution of the purse in the Masters. Those eliminated after 36 holes are sometimes better off than those who survive the cut and stay around for the entire tournament.

Thus, when Jackie Burke, the former Masters champion, failed to qualify for the final 36 holes he collected his \$900, flew home to Houston and watched the rest of the tournament on TV. But his buddy, Jimmy Demaret, survived the cut, finished the 72 holes and won \$1,050. Considering caddie fees, hotel and meals, Demaret with an extra \$150 was not as well off as Burke. And there is Dick Mayer, who remembers that he finished 10th a few years ago at Augusta and won a mere \$445 more than the 76th-place man.

THEY SAID IT

• Gene Stallings, Texas A&M's new football coach, in a talk to Aggie alumni: "I'll run the football program and you run your hanks, feed steers and chicken lots, and we'll get along just fine."

• Franklin Miessli, owner of the Warriors: "We tried for fellows 7 feet 1 inch in the draft because we'd like to get some use out of Wilt Chamberlain's old uniforms."

• Jimmy Persall, Angels' outfielder, when he learned that Charles O. Finley, Kansas City owner, issued free tickets to Catholic high school students for an A's-Angels Friday night game. "He let in 7,500 people and won't sell a single hot dog."

END

Classic light scotch —
100 years experience



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Why are so many smart people discovering Vat 69 Gold?

Because Vat Gold is the truly Classic light scotch made with a century
of scotch blending experience. As smooth as the glass it goes in.
Vat Gold is for those who look beyond price. Discover Gold...soon.



If you want to know how well it rides,
wander off the Interstate a ways.
CHEVELLE by Chevrolet

Spend some time. See horses, cows and countryside.
Sample what our Full Coil suspension does for comfort.

Highways try a car one way, byways another. Chevelle handles both in mannerly fashion. A big coil spring at each wheel soaks up jolts and jars, unruffling the most rumpled roads. There's a double-action shock absorber for each coil spring, too, and a front stabilizer bar to straighten out the curves.

We put more comfort in Chevelle than just the ride, though. You should see inside this Malibu Super Sport.

Foam-cushioned seats come upholstered all in vinyl. There are buckets up front, separated by a console when you order Powerglide or the 4-speed. There's also full instrumentation; ashtrays, armrests and stretch-out room in back; and carpeting underfoot.

Chevelle's handsome styling is obvious enough. Chevelle's power you order yourself, our tight-fisted 120-hp Six or whatever you think

you'd like for cruising the Interstate and exploring the countryside.

If you're the adventurous sort, maybe you should see your Chevrolet dealer about a Chevelle today. Get yourself a road map, too...Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.





a case for
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Silhouette Two-Suiter is the smart buy from every angle for executives on the go. Trim elegance outside, spacious efficiency inside. Special hangers and fixtures in the suit compartment for wrinkle-free packing. Scuff-resistant exterior. Lightweight magnesium frame. Hidden locks. And only \$45.00.

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BIG FIGHT MOVES

The mayor, Robert T. Couturier, is 24 years old, small, dark, neat, handsome and always modestly swaddled in grays and blacks, as if he had just run off from his confirmation. He is, in fact, Catholic and French-Canadian, as are 85% of his constituents, and the other day in Lewiston, the city in southwest Maine that Mayor Bob helps run, you knew immediately that boxing had turned him on, even though, as he put it, you will

not be able to drag him to the Liston-Clay fight when it is held there next week. The Child Mayor went to a boxing match once and walked out, sickened.

But if the dramatic properties of this Liston-Clay thing escaped him, far-sighted, good-of-the-continuity practicality did not, and there he was outside the arena, the Central Maine Youth Center, called St. Dominick's, standing up to the first wave of slicks who had

Mayor Couturier stands proudly beside the Central Maine Youth Center in Lewiston, the smallest



TO SMALL TOWN

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

come into Lewiston looking for answers.

"It will be great, worth millions in publicity," he said. "I could not be happier. And, my friends, my office is always open to you." Yes, Mayor, but when 5,000 boxing people—you know the type—descend on this town, what will happen to Lewiston's sensitivities? "I like all people who come to Lewiston," said Mayor Boh.

For a venerable, 102-year-old mill

town (cotton goods, shoes), Lewiston gets short shrift in the encyclopedias because nothing much ever happened there. But it is no snake-oil town, no Shelby, Mont., to squelch a comparison. It has Bates College in it, for one thing, and 41,000 people and they do not fool easy. It was in Lewiston that Rocky Marciano tried to pawn off his brother as Peter Fuller for an exhibition match and got found out. The public deman-

or, however, is more Friendly French than Down East Suspicious. Lewiston cares not why Boston fouled up this match, only that it fouled it right into the stands of St. Dom's, and that beats the usual summer run of roller skating and bingo.

Downtown Lewiston is a clutter of small stores and a diabolical stop-light system that moves traffic in intermittent jerks. The names over the stores are mostly French, but the young people are not picking up the language and *Le Messager*, an all-French newspaper, has cut back to once a week. Drinking is pretty much confined to a few clubs, like The Holly and The Cairo. The only real hotel in town is being demolished; people who come to the fight will have to make do in 350 motel rooms, or at the Poland Springs House, a full-blown resort 12 miles out. Poland Springs was built by Hiram Ricker, and for years Jews and Negroes were excluded. But times change. The resort is now owned by Saul Feldman, the happiest man around when the fight was made, because he has 700 rooms and stands to make a mint. Feldman quickly arranged for Sonny Liston to train at his place.

The local promoter is Sam Michael, a Lebanese with a nose that gets out there and a reputation for making things move. He has brought to Lewiston the Ice Capades and the Harlem Globetrotters, and matched up local boxing favorites like Lefty LeChance and Paul Junior. He says Lewiston has always been a great fight town, and once, with Hermie Freeman against Al Coutres, he sold ringside seats for \$2 and had a record \$8,000 gate. But now that is beneath him. He should make \$15,000 promoting tickets that will sell for \$100, \$50 and \$25.

"Oh, the tickets will be sold, no doubt about it. This is the biggest thing since John Kennedy came here in 1960," said the blonde waitress at Steckino's, the best eatery in town. "I had one rich fellow tell me he would buy two \$100 seats if he could take me. But he didn't say how far he wanted to take me. I'll pay my own way."

Lewiston is no sucker town.

CONTINUED

town to stage a heavyweight title fight since Shelby put on Dempsey-Gibbons bout in 1921.



THE WORLD CHAMPION IS REFUSED

Bundini Brown said, "Let's stop and eat. I'm empty." No one said anything. It was dark outside, the pine forest stretching back from the road, their thin trunks showing up sticks of gray in the headlights. Four or five miles up the road the Muslim driver slowed down and turned the champion's bus into a truck stop near the Florida-Georgia border, Yulee, the name of the place was. The big gas pumps, which displayed the Pure Hearted gasoline emblems, stood in pools of light from overhead standards, and there were a few diesel

truck trailers parked across the macadam-topped lot. The restaurant had a small neon light in the window. The champion's brother, Rudy, said: "You're gon' watch a man face reality—that's what you're gon' to see."

Bundini, whose name is pronounced without the first "n," climbed down from the bus and headed for the restaurant. With the bus motor switched off it was quiet outside and warm, with the day's heat still rising from the macadam. The reporters walked with Brown, holding themselves stiffly, hoping there

would be no shame. There were four of them invited by the champion to join his entourage for the trip north in his private bus, a ramshackle vehicle he calls Big Red, from Miami to Chicopee Falls, Mass., where he intended to do his preflight training.

The champion and his group and the sparring partners left the bus, but they stood back near the pumps. Cody Jones, the sparring partner they call The Porcupine for his swept-up hair style, stared up at the steel standards, watching the moths flutter in the strong flat light.

Bundini (foreground), who favors integration, and Clay, who believes races should not be mixed, argued their views, half seriously, half in



Before the fight moved to Maine, Cassius Clay moved north from Miami to his Chicopee Falls, Mass. training camp. Bundini, Clay's trainer, wanted to fly over the South, but the champ insisted on going in his private bus, 'Big Red.' Near the Florida-Georgia border Clay's entourage made a memorable stop for a bite to eat **by GEORGE PLIMPTON**

A MEAL

Bundini led the procession across the macadam to the restaurant. He was wearing a blue denim jacket with "Bear Hunter" in red script across the back. He is the champion's trainer—an effervescent figure responsible for much of the flamboyant activity in the champion's camp. He has led a full life—in the CCC when he was 11, the merchant marine at 13. At 15, having falsified his age, he was fighting with the naval forces in the Pacific—at Bougainville, among other places. His real name is Drew Brown. Sometimes he says Bundini

means "lover" in Pakistani and, at other times, when he is more serious, he says it means "wise man" in Hindustani. He is one of the few in the champion's entourage, other than the sparring partners, who is not a member of the separatist Black Muslim sect. The Muslims have tried without success to fetch him. Elijah Muhammad, the Muslim leader, wrote him a letter in which he was reported to have said, "If I had 10 men like you I could conquer the world." Sometimes, on the bus, the Muslims called him "The Integrator," scornfully, though all of

them, the champion particularly, have difficulty getting the epithet acid enough. They appreciate Bundini and like him too much.

The restaurant had a screen door that squeaked and the people inside, six or seven couples sitting in the booths, looked up when Bundini and the others came in. He sat down at the counter, the reporters on stools to either side. The waitress looked at the group and put her hands together. The manager came out from behind the counter. "I'm sorry," he said. "We have a place *continued*

a lighter visit, throughout trip. When Clay ran out of words, which was seldom, he muzzled the patient, good-natured Bundini with a red pillow.



out back. Separate facilities," he said. "The food's just the same." Through the serving window the reporters could see two negro cooks looking out. "Probably better," the manager said with a wan smile. He talked at the reporters as if Bundini was not there. Bundini's face began working. The reporters could not look at him, so they began intimidating the manager, whispering furious words at him. He stayed calm, tapping a grease-stained menu against his fingertips. "In this county—Nassau County—they'd be a riot," he said simply. In the hoots the people continued eating, watching over their forks as they lifted the food and put it into their mouths.

Bundini said: "The heavyweight champion of the world and he can't get nothing to eat here." He spoke reflectively, and he spun around on his stool and stood up.

The screen door squeaked again and slapped shut. The champion stood in the room, leaning forward slightly and staring at Bundini. He began shouting at him. "You fool—what's the matter with you—you damn fool." His nostrils were flared, his voice almost out of control. "I tell you you ought to be a Muslim. Then you don't go places where you're not wanted. You clear out of this place, nigger, you ain't wanted here, can't you see, they don't want you, nigger. . . ." He reached for Bundini's denim jacket, hauled him toward him and propelled him out the door in an easy furious motion. Bundini so preoccupied that he offered no resistance. He stunk out on the macadam as if he had been launched from a sling.

The champion rushed after him, pushing him for the bus, still vilifying him. Then he broke away from Bundini and began leaping among the gas pumps and out across the macadam under the flat, eerie light, circling among the trailers, one with a multi-thousand-dollar yacht balanced in its cradle—a lunatic huck-drop for the champion's frenzy that suddenly became as gleeful as a child's. "I'm glad, Bundini!" he shouted. "I'm glad you got showed, Bundini, you got showed."

Bundini's shoulders were hunched over and he was looking at his feet. "Leave me alone," he kept repeating. "I'm good enough to eat here!" he shouted suddenly. "I'm a free man. God made me. Not Henry Ford."

The champion whooped with delight.

He leaped high in the air and circled Bundini as if he had him quarred. "Don't you know when you not wanted? Face reality and dance!" he shouted.

Bundini cried back at him, "I'll be what I was, what I always been—in my heart I'm a free man . . . no slave chains 'round my heart." He broke past the circling champion and escaped into the bus.

The rest of the group stood by and watched the champion, still capering and shouting, begin to wind down. His brother stalked about, his face lit with excitement, repeating like a litany: "A man has seen reality, seen real-ity." One of the reporters went to look up through a window at the room in back. It was off the kitchen, a table with just enough room for six chairs. An old magazine lay tossed in a corner. When the champion had calmed down, the tree-frog buzz began drifting across the macadam lot from the dark pine and swamp-land.

But when the bus was reloaded, and the Muslim driver got it moving again along Route 17, the turmoil started afresh. The champion leaned over the top of his seat and kept railing at a constant castigation. "Uncle Tom! Tom! Tom! Tom!" and when Bundini attempted to answer the champion leaned over and muzzled him with a red pillow.

The champion shouted: "This teach you a lesson, Bundini!" He leaned over and pushed down on Bundini's head. "You bow your head, Bundini."

"Leave me alone!" Bundini shouted. "My head don't belong between my knees. It's up in the stars. I'm free. I keep trying. If I find a water hole is dry, I go on and find another."

The exchange was carried on in full volume, the rhetoric high-blown and delivered carefully, as if the lines were from a memorized morality play.

"You showed yourself back there," the champion shouted.

"They were ashamed!" Bundini said. "What good did that do, except to shame you?"

"That man," said Bundini. "That manager. He'll sleep on it. He may be no better, but he'll think on it, and he'll be ashamed. I dropped a little medicine in that place."

The champion whooped. "Tom! Tom! Tom!" He whacked a series of quick blows at Bundini with the red pillow. "You belong to your white master,"

"To a fool it may seem like that!" Bundini shouted up at him. "But to a man who's been around the world he know the world is a black shirt with three white buttons."

"Bougainville!" the champion shouted scornfully. "If I hadn't pull you out of that place back there, those crackers'd killed you!"

It got to Bundini finally, and he began to cry. He is a man with his emotions close to the surface, and with his face wide and mobile, his grief is unbearable to watch, his face a perfect reflection of the mask of tragedy. The champion looked at him.

"Hey, Bundini," he said softly. He mopped at Bundini's face with the red pillow—clumsy but affectionate swipes.

"Leave me alone," Bundini said, barely audibly.

The champion tried to make him laugh. He made funny sounds at him, the routines the two did in unison at the training camp. "Hey, Bundini," he said. "What sort of crackers was they back in that restaurant?"

Bundini did not want to answer. "I'll tell you what kind of crackers. They was soda crackers. And if they're soda crackers, that makes you a graham cracker. That's what you are—a graham cracker."

"These miserable miles"

Bundini did not say anything. The champion gave a great whooping laugh and belted Bundini on the top of the head with the red pillow. Bundini's shoulders began shaking, now from laughter.

"Champ," he said, "les' just train and fight—none of the other stuff. Why you make us come this way?" he said resignedly. "We could have flown over all these miserable miles."

"Don't fly over it, Bundini," the champion said, in an odd shift of doctrine, which is part of the paradox of him and makes him so difficult to judge. "You fight it out, Bundini," he said, "... like your aunts and uncles have to do."

Bundini looked at him, and not far down the road, seeming to take his counsel, he said again: "I'm empty. I want to eat. A Howard Johnson's coming up."

"We'll stop," the champion said grimly. He was again a Muslim. "This is Georgia, Bundini. You haven't been showed!" he asked incredulously.

When the bus was parked in the lot, this time the spurring partners joined Bundini and the reporters, a grim group moving up the path for the restaurant with its bright windows and the illuminated orange-peaked cupola roof, behind, the Muslim contingent stood by the bus, with the champion's brother once again calling out, his voice tense with excitement, "You facing reality, Bundini, reality."

The restaurant, which was nearly full, went silent at the group's entrance, and a cocktail ensemble playing *Tra la Tra* was nearly deafening over the Murak; in the booths forks and spoons were poised, perhaps not surprisingly; the group was apprehensive, considering what had happened in Yulee, very grim and walking stiffly, eyes flicking everywhere to see where the first rebuff would come from, a formidable group, too, with the brawlers part of it, tattoos showing on their broad arms. A sheriff, if he had been sitting there, might well have stepped up and arrested the whole troupe on suspicion.

The group gathered around a long table and sat down. A waitress appeared with a stack of menus. "You all look hungry," she said brightly. She began passing out the menus.

Bundini began giggling. "My," he said, "No one mind if I sit at the head of the table?" The seats were rearranged, and Bundini pointed out the window at the Muslims standing by the bus. "I'm going to eat three steaks standing up so's they's can see," he said.

The champion came in after a while, striding through the restaurant, the people watching him, and those with children getting ready to push them up for autographs.

"What you doin' here," Bundini said smugly. "This place only for integrators."

The champion smiled at him and sat down. He had his meal and when his coffee came he said: "Bundini, I'm goin' to integrate the coffee." He poured some cream into it. "When it's black, it's strong."

Bundini shook his head. The two were smiling at each other. "Champ," said Bundini once again. "Les' just train and fight—none of the other stuff." **END**

ROY DE CARAWA

Vindicated after integrated meal in Howard Johnson's, Bundini listens to control Clay



WISING UP TO A DOWN GAME

by JOE JARES

Hordes of Californians left the beaches to go to Omsk, where they dominated the national volleyball championship and proved they can play like Russians do



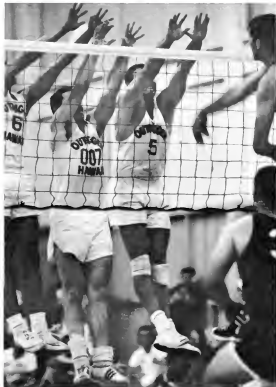
Using a wicked right uppercut, Jim Galonico of the Olympic Club Yanks reaches over a fallen teammate to make the kind of save that American players finally have mastered.

The game of volleyball was invented in America 70 years ago as a sore and affable up sport, the object being to tap a ball up and up and neatly over a net where the opposing team would pity-pat it around for a while and then return the favor. But as the years went by and volleyball spread to other countries it turned into a frenzied and furious down game, the intent being to jump as high as possible, to swing at the ball with a clenched fist and to smash it toward the floor or down an opponent's throat if he happened to be standing in the way, while the defense, in turn, risked flesh wounds and bone breaks attempting to keep the ball in play. America was somewhat slow to adopt this march toward volleyball violence—especially on the

defense—with the result that the U.S. team finished a weak-kneed ninth in the recent Olympics behind the likes of Russia, Japan and Bulgaria. But if what happened last week when 37 of the country's best teams gathered in a converted airplane hangar at Offutt Air Force Base near Omaha, Neb. is any indication, the U.S. won't be caught with its violence down again.

As usual, the strongest teams came out of the West, primarily from California, where volleyball ranks with beer, babes and surfboards among those who seek their pleasures at oceanside. There were such teams as the Sand and Sea Club of Santa Monica, which boasts UCLA basketball player and volleyball Olympian Keith Erickson, and the Out-

rigger Canoe Club of Honolulu, which played its first game of the championships in blossom-bedecked Bermuda shorts. Along with their talent and zest for mayhem, the Californians brought a certain sand-in-the-shoes casualness to the event, something that must have put such teams as Woonsocket (R.I.) YMCA at an immediate disadvantage. After one unsettling look at the Hawaiians' shorts, tournament officials ordered the team deflowered. Nor did they much appreciate a San Francisco entry called the Yanks, whose Tee shirts were inscribed "Pussy Galore's Flying Circus," or an unsponsored and improbable Los Angeles outfit called the Tigers, which had no uniforms at all and had simply scrawled numbers on their shirts with



Leaping to block an opponent's spike, three Outrigger Canoe Club defenders, including 007 Bob Hogan, raise a picket fence of hands.



Gene Selznick, star of the victorious Westside team, smashes a shot against the outstretched fingers of the L.A. Tigers during final game.

RICH CLARKE

ink. The Tigers were told either to borrow uniforms or fold their tents and go west—far west.

Little noticed amid all this tanned enthusiasm was a strange assortment of athletes from the Westside Jewish Community Center in Los Angeles. Two of Westside's men were 43 years old. A third, Dan Patterson, was just 18 and a year out of Hollywood High School. One of the men expected to leap up and spike the ball over the eight-foot net was Dave Bordwell, 5 feet 8 inches tall. The team's star was 35-year-old Gene Selznick. Dumbo-eared and slightly pouncy, he had been a volleyball All-America 14 times, playing for Hollywood Y, Pasadena Y, Westside, the Long Beach Century Club and now Westside again.

To the dismay of most of his fellow players, Selznick was somehow passed up for the Olympic team last year. Volleyball was a new Olympic sport and some people, including Selznick himself, felt it was downright unpatriotic to leave him off America's first team. "The best player in volleyball? There's just one—Gene Selznick," says Len Kaczmarek, coach at San Jose State. "Selznick is the great all-around player," says Bernie Holtzman, Westside's coach.

By the last day of play in the four-day double-elimination tournament, there was still no Westside story. Favorites had fallen everywhere, and into the finals in the winner's bracket had marched, of all people, those shirtless wonders, the Tigers. But somehow Westside, beaten

once, managed to escape disaster after disaster in the lower's bracket. Selznick and his teammates won five games in less than 24 hours as a little backcourt genius named Harlan Cohen ran the equivalent of a marathon chasing down balls anyone else would have given up on. He made the saves, the Westside front line smashed and smashed, and Saturday night found Westside in the finals, where the once-spurned Selznick was not about to have his reputation damaged by any uniformless pickup team. Faced with taking two straight matches, Westside fell far behind each time and then slammed back to win, all the while playing the kind of volleyball that makes it look as if America is at last learning the game it invented. **END**

A BRAND-NEW TREND IN TWINS

With the Yankees floundering near the bottom after their worst start in recent history, the new-look, speed-happy Minnesota Twins are fighting the White Sox for the league lead—and maybe the pennant **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**



Gembling for an extra base, Minnesota's Zoilo Versalles lunges headfirst into bag (above) to beat throw to White Sox Third Baseman Felix Ward.

Against Baltimore (below), Zoilo slides feet first into second with a stolen base as Shortstop Luis Aparicio awaits the throw from the catcher.



It was the home half of the sixth inning at Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minn., last Saturday afternoon and the second-place Twins were trailing the first-place Chicago White Sox 1-0. Zoilo Versalles, the temperamental Twin shortstop, was on first base with nobody out when Rich Rollins hit a single to short left field. Versalles, with never a hesitation, whirled past second base and bolted for third as the players on both benches jumped up. Fifteen feet from his destination Versalles put his little head down, dived on his stomach and skimmed over the hard dirt, his arms groping for the base. He was safe on a close play and a minute later tagged up and scored the tying run on a fly ball. An inning later Versalles drove in a run to put Minnesota ahead, and the Twins went on to win 4-1.

Over the past two weekends the Twins and the White Sox played seven games filled with tension, excitement and stirring individual performances. "They have been like World Series games," said Al Lopez, the White Sox manager. The Twins won four of the seven, but the most significant thing about the games was that the supposedly pitching-poor Twins were pitching very well and the White Sox, often accused of lacking power, outscored Minnesota 9 to 5.

This week, as the American League moved into its sixth week of competition, Chicago and Minnesota and the Los Angeles Angels were controlling the pennant race, usually the prerogative of the New York Yankees. Before the season began, many people thought that the Yankees, even at full strength, would have to scramble to win a sixth straight pennant and their 15th championship in 17 seasons. But the Yankees are not at full strength. They are an unsound team, with their four major stars—Mickey Mantle, Roger Maris, Elston Howard and Whitey Ford—all either sidelined or severely hampered by arm and leg ailments.

Last Friday night, after the news reached Minnesota that the Yankees had lost a doubleheader to the Washington Senators and plummeted into ninth place, Bill Skowron was asked what he thought about New York's chances of winning the 1965 pennant. Skowron, for nine years a Yankee and now the Chicago White Sox first baseman, took his blue cap off and put it on his lap, raised his fist over his head and brought it

down slowly with his thumb pointing directly toward the ground.

As bad as the Yankees looked, no one truly expected them to remain permanently in the second division, but the question of catching up with the new league leaders was another matter. New York had yet to play the White Sox and the dangerous Detroit Tigers but, even so, the Yankees had a weak 5-10 record against first-division contenders and they had fallen half a dozen games behind the Chicago-Minnesota-Los Angeles trio. Los Angeles might not be anything to worry about, but the other two are a different story.

Chicago reached first place early this season by getting excellent results from carefully nurtured but virtually unknown sources. When one thinks of White Sox pitchers one usually thinks of left-handers Gary Peters and Juan Pizarro, who won 74 games between them for the Sox over the last two seasons. Hoyt Wilhelm, the 41-year-old relief pitcher who appeared in 73 games last year, also jumps to mind. But not this year—or, at any rate, not so far this year. Gary Peters currently carries the worst earned run average among the White Sox starting pitchers. Wilhelm has been having trouble with his knuckle ball and gave up four home runs in 7½ innings. Through last Sunday, Pizarro had pitched a total of one inning. "Pizarro reported late," explained General Manager Ed Short, "and he was wild in his one game. He is going to have to fight his way back into the starting rotation." But never mind Pizarro and Wilhelm and Peters. Six other White Sox pitchers with names like Howard and Horlen and Bushard had earned run averages ranging from 0.75 to 2.87. Eddie Fisher, who has an excellent knuckle ball, had moved to the head of the bullpen and finished seven games.

"The team I have now," Al Lopez said the other day, "is probably the most versatile I have ever had. I like my bench." Lopez should like his bench. He has sent 25 pinch hitters to the plate, and 14 have reached base. What with deep pitching and a deep bench, Chicago has been very consistent. On the White Sox statistics sheet one day last week there was an ominous note for the other American League teams. It said: "Streaks—longest winning: 5 games (twice); longest losing: 1 game."

While everyone assumed that the White Sox would be near the top of

the league from the beginning of the season to the end, the Twins have been something of a surprise, overlooked in preseason predictions because of their disastrous second-division finish last year. But they are playing a brisk, lively style of baseball totally unlike Minnesota teams of the past. The Twins are running the bases with daring, and they are using the hit-and-run instead of waiting around for someone to knock the ball over the fence. Last year when they knocked 221 balls over the fence they finished in a tie for sixth. "The entire season," says Manager Sam Mele, "was a nightmare. In my mind we played the very same game against Baltimore five or six times. It would be the seventh, eighth or ninth inning and we would walk a man. Then Baltimore would bunt and one of my guys would come in, pick up the bunt and throw it away, and Baltimore would score and win. Last year we played good ball against New York and Chicago, but Baltimore! I would stand in the dugout and see the walk, and I would say to myself, 'No, it can't happen again. Yes, it can. I can see it coming. There's the bunt. Watch it get thrown away. Watch it go. There it goes. Ball game.'"

Over the winter Mele decided that the Twins were going to play a different type of ball, and in spring training he took his largely veteran team back to the dreary land of fundamentals. Before and after every workout he had the Twins practice fielding bunts, back-up plays and the cutoff. Even after the exhibition schedule began, Mele kept his team on the field and drilled it in the little things. He told his players to run. "If you feel it is a good gamble," he said, "take it. Never mind what anyone says. I'll be responsible for it." He told them to think about the hit-and-run, and when they showed that they did not really care too much for it he began to call it for them. Soon they began to like to run the bases, and they saw the advantages of the hit-and-run. All of them, of course, had seen the St. Louis Cardinals beat the Yankees in the World Series last year by running, and in the very first game this season they ran on Yankee Center Fielder Tom Tresh and won the game because of it. When they played the Yankees in New York a couple of weeks later they beat them again with running, and then with good pitching. When the Twins are batting and an op-

continued



Gary Peters (left) and his relatively unknown Chicago teammates Joe Harlan, John Bushardt, Bruce Howard, Eddie Fisher and Tommy John

pitched 163 of the first 192 innings the White Sox played this season and had a startling collective earned run average of 2.21.

position player misses a cutoff man on a relay or throws to the wrong base, Mele walks up and down his dugout stressing the importance of running and defense against running. At the end of their first 20 games last season the Twins had a record of 10-10, had hit 36 home runs, stolen six bases, had seven sacrifices and sacrifice flies and had hit into 16 double plays. At the end of 20 games this year Minnesota had hit into only 11 double plays, had 12 sacrifices and sacrifice flies, had stolen 10 bases, had hit only 21 home runs but had a team record of 13-7.

This sudden improvement and change of style by the Twins has impressed the rest of the American League. Birdie Tebbetts, manager of the Cleveland Indians, was amazed to see Minnesota running with home run hitters like Harmon Killebrew and Bob Allison at the plate. "Mele

is smart," says Tebbetts. "You can't wait for homers. It's smart to use the speed with those hitters up. The Twins have the talent, and if they get good pitching in the summer, when you have to use all your pitchers, they can be in the race all the way."

There is no doubt that Minnesota could use some pitching help, but the Twins' pitching is generally underrated. When Owner-General Manager Calvin Griffith coaxed Johnny Sain, the former Yankee pitching coach, out of retirement he had to pay the highest salary any American League team has ever paid a coach (\$25,000). But Sain went right to work with Minnesota's pitching staff. "One of the first things he did," says left-hander Jim Kaat, "was to get us into a four-day rotation. If there are rain-outs you still take your turn every fourth day."

On Opening Day Kaat started against the Yankees and pitched a five-hitter over nine innings, though he did not get the win because the game went into extra innings. With two postponements and a day off, Kaat came back and won in the team's third game of the season, and he was back again in the sixth game and beat the Yankees on a five-hitter. Camilo Pascual, Minnesota's ace, has always been an accomplished and gritty pitcher, but Sain has made an impressive change in Jim (Mudcat) Grant, the conical right-hander who sings in the off season with his own combo, called The Jim Grant Five. Grant says, "I was always a herky-jerky pitcher, but Johnny Sain took two jerks out and still left me three." Sain also taught him a fast curve ball. Mudcat had a 5-16 lifetime record against the White Sox through 1964, but this season he has beaten Chicago twice

continued

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and has given up only one run in 18 innings. Last Saturday he used only 92 pitches in beating them, and afterward he said, with a nod in Sam's direction, "Over the years I have been averaging about 130 pitches a game. This year in my three winning games it has been 115, 109 and 92. Some man, that man!"

But much of Minnesota's good early showing can be traced to Versalles. During spring training he defied Mele in a celebrated case of childishness. (Mele thought that Zoilo gave a halfhearted effort on a ground ball and took him out of an exhibition game. Versalles said he didn't want to play for Mele, and Mele promptly bumped him with a \$300 fine.) Since then Versalles has been playing the best ball of his life, hitting, running and fielding. Last Sunday he was leading the Twins in runs scored (16), doubles (8) and triples (3) as well as fives (1). "He is playing to get his \$300 back," said Mele the other day. "and he may just get \$8,000 for a World Series share. He is playing great baseball,

and he is making defensive plays the likes of which you seldom see." Versalles says, "I've had trouble with managers before. I get disgusted when I think I am right. Maybe I had it coming to me. Now I think the Twins have a chance to win the pennant."

If they do, they will have to beat Chicago. Sam Mele's estimate of the White Sox is simple: "They have everything. Great pitching, and with Bill Skowron, Pete Ward, John Romano and Ron Hansen they have four proven clutch hitters. Kids like Danny Cater and Don Buford are coming through for them, and so are Tom McCraw and Al Weis. Floyd Robinson always seems to hit .300. They are the team to beat, and they have been right along. But if we do things right and just get picked up here and there and our defense goes back to three years ago, when it was the second best in the league, we'll be tough. A home run is a great thing but, boy, a well-hit single at the right time is just what you need. Two years ago there

were only 10 hitters in the entire league with 100 or more strikeouts and we had three of them [Harmon Killebrew, Jimmie Hall and Bob Allison] in our outfield. Last year, when there were 14 in the league, Hall and Killebrew had more than 100 strikeouts and Allison struck out 99 times, even though he missed a month of the season. This year I think our guys are catching on. I think we have a different attitude. Everyone remembers last year, when even with 221 homers we finished sixth."

Both Minnesota and Chicago have gotten off to good starts, and everyone is wondering about them. But Mele and Loper are wondering about the other teams. One evening last week the two managers had dinner together, and the subject of the third-place Los Angeles Angels came up. "That club," said Loper, "sure has improved itself." "It looks to me like the whole league has," said Mele. "What about the Yankees?" someone asked. They called for the check.

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Carroll Shelby of Texas—and nearly everywhere else—looks like a cowpoke, cooks like a chuck wagon chef, talks like an oil-field roughneck and builds a fangs-out kind of American sports car

by COLES PHINIZY

Today, when the major automobile manufacturers of the U.S. can be counted on one hand, only the geriatric crowd remembers that 55 years ago more than 150 companies were turning out an exciting assortment of motor cars. In that naive and pioneering day there were large, gas-powered touring cars and fine steam cars that sometimes exploded, scolding the driver and warping his straw boater. There were electric carriages that crept elegantly along like giant snails, and sporty roadsters, such as the Apperson "Jack Rabbit," that scorching over the roads at 65 miles an hour and were very dependable except at those times when a chicken got tangled in the drive chain.

Most of the early motor companies passed away long ago. Only the fittest survived and grew big, a fact deplored today by some car zealots, who feel that the industry, for lack of small-time operators and harebrained tinkers, has become an impersonal monster that gorges itself on consumer surveys and dispassionately spits out impersonal cars. In the face of such harsh criticism, it is only fair to state that the mass-produced car of today outperforms any machine of 50 years ago and, if given reasonable care, will last almost as long as a horse. It is entirely adequate for plain, drab citizens, but for a genuine car buff such decent virtue is not enough.

For a genuine, 100% huff, for the man with an unmitigated, four-barreled love of machines, a car is not a car unless it has an aura of uniqueness and a throbbing personality akin to his own. Many car enthusiasts have dreamed of designing their ideal car and producing a limited volume for sale to others with the same ideals—not competing with Detroit, but supplementing it. A few have actually had a go at it, discovering in no time at all that the motor car business is the perfect place to achieve fleeting fame and financial ruin. Of all these who dreamed of someday owning a little car business in the black, Carroll Hall Shelby, a former Texas chicken farmer and errant knight

continued

WALTER DUNN JR.

SHOWMAN SHELBY exploits ten-gallon plowman image, but is in reality a shrewd man-about-the-world.

of the roaring road, is the most unusual. His dream has come true. He has succeeded in producing a car without losing his shirt.

Five years ago Shelby was operating out of an office slightly larger than a playpen. Now he is president and proprietor of Shelby-American, Inc., a California corporation with a physical plant worth more than \$3 million and an annual gross business of around \$10 million. There are a number of reasons why Shelby succeeded, the most important being that he never backed off. About 10 years ago he dreamed of producing a sports car "for the true sports car enthusiast," and he never wavered on the original dream, never considered adding so much as a cigarette lighter to make his car appeal to the masses. Many people would not care to drive Shelby's dream car, and many large, stout people would have a hard time of it, for it has a bucket-seat snugness that makes a Gemini capsule seem as roomy as an old Daimler-Benz. Regardless, Shelby has no thought of increasing the headroom, the leg space or the trunk space of his car, or in any way making the interior more comfy. He has resisted all temptation to style the exterior after a fin-tailed spaceship, since it was not intended to exceed Mach 1 but merely to dawdle along at 140 miles an hour. "I couldn't care less," Shelby has said, "about selling cars to someone who needs power windows and wants to look like a sport. It does not matter whether you are building an outhouse or a car. You don't compromise."

Shelby's dream machine is the first U.S. sports car produced in any volume that both looks and acts the part. Like its European precursors, it is squat and low-slung. It resembles as much as anything a futuristic turtle, but in its modest shell there is lots of pent-up energy. It leaps away from a standstill, and through all four gears it growls softly as if eager to snap at every Volkswagen in its path. When the driver eases up on the throttle, from its muffler the Shelby car emits petulant, flautulent complaints. In brief, it is not an ordinary beast of burden. The writers and editors of car magazines—a very critical gang of archperfectionists and nit-pickers—consider Shelby's car well worth its base price of \$6,000.

As most car nuts are aware, Shelby's car is called the Cobra, for no better reason than that is the name Shelby always

liked, although market-minded friends have pressed him to switch to something dreamier or at least less scary. Though Cobra is its given name, in smart car circles it is known variously as the Snake, the Shelby Snake, the Shelby Cobra, the A.C. Cobra, the Ford Cobra or the Cobra Ford. Strictly speaking, to give everyone his due, its full name should be Shelby-American A.C. Cobra Ford. The final assembly of cars—currently about 125 a month—takes place in the Shelby-American plant on the south side of the Los Angeles airport, where the hum of the little-car business is lost in the constant howling of transcontinental jets. The frame and body of the Cobra are fabricated in England by the A.C. Car Company, Ltd., a firm that in a long and respectable life has produced a variety of vehicles, from railroad engines to invalid carriages. The Cobra's engine is made by Ford in Cleveland and is essentially the same Fairlane V-8 used in several production models. The business relationship of little Shelby-American and giant Ford has been beneficial to both. There is a good deal of Ford know-how in the Cobra, and a little Cobra venom in some of the fancier Fords.

Carroll Shelby is by no means the first retired race-track driver to try to persuade a big, busy motor company to collaborate in a modest venture, but he is one of the most successful in recent years. Shelby apparently has the certain something that it takes to win a giant over to a minor cause, although no one, including Shelby, is altogether sure what that something is. Some say it is simply the winning personality of an easygoing Texan. Shelby was born and raised in Texas and, to be sure, he has a winning way, but it is no more honest to explain the Shelby-Ford alliance that simply than to say Columbus won over Queen Isabella with Latin charm. In both cases, reputations were at stake. If Columbus had sailed over the edge, Isabella would have had some explaining to do about her hocked jewels and, similarly, if Shelby's dream had come a cropper, well, certain heads might have rolled at Ford. The manager of Special Events at Ford, David Evans, who still has his head, remembers his first contact with Shelby fairly well: "Shelby said he would like to consider that little old engine of ours for his car. Now, we get many sensible propos-

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als from people as smart as Shelby. Perhaps it was the way he said it or something about him, but whatever it was, I got to thinking why not? I had two engines available, and I sent them to him and then sat back and wondered why I did it. I can't explain it, but he sells himself and his idea, and you can get mad as hell at him but he delivers."

Outwardly Shelby satisfies the trite image of a Texan. He has the slack shoulders and high waist of a cowpoke. His smile comes easily and scatters quickly into wrinkles etched by the sun. His manner is relaxed, yet he is forever stirring about, sitting down and getting up and sitting down again, as if worried or saddlesore. On the eve of the last 12-hour sports car race at Sebring during the preparation of seven Shelby-American and Ford entries for which he was responsible, in one 20-minute period Shelby settled and resettled 13 times on the following perches: an oil-stained lawn chair, a midjet motorcycle, the edge of a table, a box of tools, a stack of pop bottle cases, a stack of tires and a badly sprung sofa that saw its best days before Coolidge took the oath. In his office at Shelby-American or in the pit during a race, and even while drying his hands in a washroom, Shelby paces about restlessly, like a lawman who expects trouble suddenly to bust out behind every swinging door in town.

His former secretary, a girl named Pat Rodgers, who is beautiful and drives a twin-cam MG, has this to say. "When I worked for him I had to keep asking myself, 'If I were Carroll Shelby, where would I be two hours from now?' He's the kind who takes off for Paris at any time but can't understand why the banks aren't open at noon on Sunday. He had a large automobile horn he used to squawk behind everybody in the office—and an electric cattle prod. We took the batteries out of the prod, thinking he'd think it was broken, but he found new batteries, poked me in the hand with it and I nearly went through the ceiling. Oh, he's a fun-lover. You have to go 90 miles an hour to keep up with him. And I'm just an old-fashioned 80-mile-an-hour girl."

"Have you ever had dinner at Shelby's house?" a business associate asks. "You know, he is well-traveled and has excellent taste in clothes and furniture, but he doesn't like to eat out. He likes to cook. He's got a shelf of cookbooks—

continued

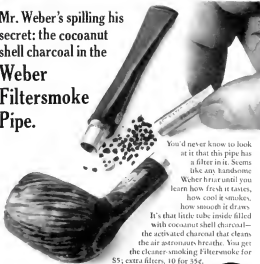
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CARROLL SHELBY *continued*

I French, Italian and God knows what. Maybe I'm betraying his confidence, but do you know what he cooks for you in his home? There's no meat. You get corn bread and butter beans, raw sliced onions, tomatoes and maybe lettuce—I forget—and catsup. After cooking for us he sat down and said, "Now I'll show you how to eat this." Apparently there's a correct order for piling everything on the corn bread, but I forget. Anyway, the butter beans weren't quite done, but I'll say this, he served an excellent light white wine with it."

Despite his outward ways and some of his particular tastes, in actual disposition Shelby is not so much a classless Southwesterner as an American Yankee with an itch. Spiritually he is much like the old Connecticut gun inventor, Sam Colt, who also had a good idea and was very loyal to it. Like Colt, Shelby of Texas is the best and frankest salesman of his own cause. Like Colt, he has a thirst for knowledge and mild contempt for people who merely wallow in it. In the Shelby plant there are graduate engineers as well as tinkers who came along the road of trial and error. Shelby

simply asked, "How would you like to work in a snake pit for a real snake?" His total phone conversation with an important business contact is apt to run as follows: "Hello, butter bean. When I heard what you did, you could have cut buttonholes in my behind. My opinion may not be worth a pin whistle, but I think you're dumber than a hundred head of hilly goats." After an important meeting with half a dozen very rich men about organization of a racetrack, Shelby announced, "As far as I can figure out, all we decided was to hold another meeting." When an associate criticized one of his moves, Shelby replied, "When you are a jerk, it sometimes pays to act like a jerk." When asked in an interview recently why he went into the car business he said, "I liked the idea of building an American car that can be raced or used on the streets. And beyond that, I wanted to see Carroll Shelby amount to something."

Though the men are alike, the careers of Colt and Shelby differ considerably. Colt invented his famous revolving principle at the age of 15 and spent most of his life proving its worth. Shelby, in con-



TIRES SMOKING, SHELBY DRAGS AWAY IN ONE OF HIS HOT COBRA ROADSTERS

has a respect for the university man who can program victory on a computer, and he has equal admiration for expedient men like his old co-driver, Duke Duncan, who, in the middle of a race before 20,000 cheering fans, unseated in the carburetor to put out an engine fire.

Also like his predecessor, Sam Colt, in school Shelby was a sluggard with the English tongue but became a skillful user of it, coloring and enriching the language without wasting it. When interviewing a new secretary recently Shelby

trast, did not take motor cars seriously until nearly 30, and was successful in a short time, first as an amateur race driver, then as a professional, tangleing with the best on the Formula 1 circuit and in such classic sports car brawls as Sebring, Le Mans, the Tourist Trophy and the Targa Florio. Shelby's late arrival on the automotive scene was as happenstance as much as anything: in his early years he often picked the wrong fork in the road or was forced to take it. While growing up in Leesburg, Texas



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and later in Dallas, he had a normal American boy's idiot craving for machines and sated it as a teen-ager by careening around in a Willys. He got out of high school just in time to join everybody else in World War II. His first military assignment was shovelling chicken manure onto the flower beds at Randolph Field. He graduated from that to running a fire truck, and finally went through pilot training, subsequently serving as a flight officer, a peculiar rank that the Air Corps gave to pilots who were superior to the unwashed, enlisted masses but were not considered to have quite what it takes to be part of the brass. In the worst of two air disasters that he survived, Shelby bailed out at 600 feet at night and, impelled by howling coyotes, walked 35 miles across the scabbiest land of West Texas looking for civilization (he had actually landed about two miles from a town but, typical of his early life, he took the wrong fork in a trail).

After the war, married and a father of three, Shelby tried a number of enterprises, among them chicken raising, concrete mixing, timber hauling and oil-field roughnecking. Although Shelby and his wife Jeanne are now divorced, they remain a mutual admiration society, and Jeanne Shelby remembers fondly the uncertain postwar years. "Carroll was always a restless and determined man," she recalls. "There were simply a lot of things he got into that didn't really interest him. Have you ever seen a mile-long chicken house? Whooley! We had three of them. He used to recruit friends to come out and inoculate chickens. . . . I don't think he ever really found what was good for him until he got into a little sports car. He did race stock cars some before that. There was a place called Devil's Bowl or something that looked like somebody had ploughed out a hollow and turned loose every car wreck in town. The cars just boiled around in a genuine contest of who could hit who the most. I went to watch a few times and, after smothering in dust, I said, 'Carroll, it's all yours.'"

During Shelby's racing years, reporters who were not closely associated with the racing scene often described him tritely as a "wild and woolly Texan." But those who genuinely knew the game never considered him an all-out, self-sacrificial driver like the late Mike Hawthorn or Dave MacDonald. In fact, to the contrary, it

continued



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was his apparent capacity to get total performance from a machine while leaving himself and his rivals a narrow margin that gave him his first good break. In 1954, before Shelby was at all well-known, an Englishman, John Wyer, who was then racing manager for the Aston Martin factory team, saw him in action in Argentina and offered him a job. "He seemed to be a driver who did not merely go fast but was quite aware of how he was going about it," Wyer recalls. "A driver must always think deeply about himself and about his machine, and he seemed able to do both. Of course, although we couldn't be more different, I liked the chap from the start, and even today, when I remember how I pushed him early, I wonder if it was because I liked what he could do or simply liked him. It is a question I still cannot answer."

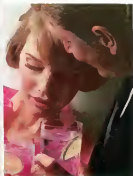
Although Shelby always drove with reasonable caution, he managed to collect a few battle scars. In the Mexican Road Race of 1954, while chasing Umberto Maglioli and Phil Hill, he flipped on a lonely turn, badly breaking an arm and knocking himself silly. Passersby succored him, pouring brandy into him until he passed from a semiconscious state into one of drunken bliss. Meanwhile other passersby stole the wheels off his car. At Riverside in 1957 he lost his machine in loose gravel on a turn and bashed his face into the steering wheel. A girl friend named Jan Harrison who saw him in a freshly bleeding condition after that accident remembers that the end of his nose was resting on his forehead before the plastic surgeon went to work.

Like most drivers, during his active career Shelby was torn by two forces: one in his own sporting soul that kept him racing and the other in friends who urged him to quit while he was still alive. Shelby remembers particularly a good friend named Henry Maag, a California real estate and investment man. "Henry kept trying to get me to stop," Shelby relates. "We'd be together and he'd get out a book of race drivers and read off the names of the dead. Whenever the newspapers reported another one, ol' Henry would be apt to phone me at any hour and say, 'All right, Shelby. When are you going to learn? There you are, you dumb bastard. Another one gone.'" In the past 13 years Shelby has attended the funerals of 29 drivers,

continued



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and though he now merely manages the racing fortunes of Shelby-American and Ford, he remains fully aware that disaster is an inevitable part of the game.

Shelby retired from racing in 1960 because of a mild heart condition that would not correct itself although he took overdoses of nitroglycerin pills. It was his luck, for a change, that a very promising fork in the road turned up just about the time he faced retirement. In 1959 the Goodyear Rubber Company, which had not been in the racing tire business for 40 years, decided to give it a go again. Tony Webner, the Goodyear man in charge, looked up Shelby and was impressed. For advice rendered then and since, Shelby serves as racing tire distributor in the western states, doing a monthly business these days of about \$40,000. Shelby also runs a school for race drivers and serves as a consultant to All American Racers in the development of Formula 1 and Indy cars. He is also a consultant for a slot-car company, owns half of a car agency and gets a royalty for his development work on the Sunbeam Tiger, a Ford-powered English sportster that has lots of evil charm. The way things have been breaking for him lately, if he gave the chicken business another try he probably would succeed.

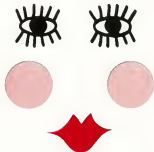
Meticulous readers of the sports pages are aware that on the international scene the Ford Grand Touring prototypes managed by Shelby and his own Grand Touring Cobras are having a dingdong battle with the Ferraris of Italy—the habitual winners. Next month at Le Mans, in the classic of sports car classics, the Fords, Cobras and Ferraris will be at it again. Because big-time sports car racing involves all manner of carbureted beasts and is subject to constant changing of the rules, only an absolute car nut can appreciate the whole significance of the battle of Shelby versus Ferrari. In fact, there are so many categories and changes that it would come as no real surprise if some of the honors this year were won by a factory team of Flexible Flyers driven by mountain gorillas. In the soul of Carroll Shelby, victory at Le Mans means a lot, but for his particular destiny the outcome barely matters. He has a successful little car business he can call his own, and all the forks in the road ahead look good. He is riding high on a cloud of Los Angeles smog, and at this point it would take a lot more than a squat, red Ferrari to blow him off.

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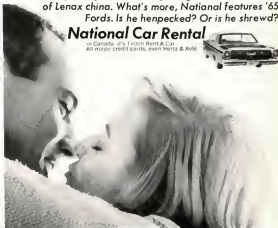
This is a glaring example of henpecking. Ah, sweet henpecking.

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A MISTY HAVEN FOR SPORTSMEN

For the casual tourist Scotland can be a melancholy place, its beauties cloaked in subtleties, its entertainments no more stimulating than tea with milk. But Scotland for fishing, or Scotland for golf, or Scotland for shooting—there is something else again. Who needs a nightclub after a day on the River Dee, and what matter if the mist hangs low on the Old Course of St. Andrews? Becoming involved in the life of a country is the secret of the happy traveler, and sport is the means of involvement in Scotland. There was a time when the best of it was the private preserve of the landed Scot or Englishman, or the American tycoon of J. P. Morgan's era for whom a stretch of salmon river and a grouse moor were as important as a yacht. But today the streams, the moors, the links are open to thousands of Americans who come north of the Tweed with golf clubs, tackle and guns in their luggage. Whether the cost is 10 shillings for a round of golf or 250 guineas for a week of shooting in Edwardian luxury, the sport they buy is memorable indeed, as the following pages show.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER BEARD

Captain Alwyne Farquharson shows Mary Louise Lincoln of Connecticut how to cast for salmon on the Dee.





Hugh McGregor, a pioneer of the pony-trekking idea, leads a group of vacationers from England, Ireland, Scotland,



Australia and the U.S. on a day's outing from the Highland village of Aberfoyle into the beautiful Trossach hills.



For visiting Americans, golf is Scotland's glory. Sugar Ray Robinson (above) joins three Scots for a round at St. Andrews, while a golf-tour group from New Jersey's Arcola Country Club (below) practices on the velvet greens of Gleneagles.





BRING ROD, CLUBS AND GUN

BY FRED R. SMITH

We were driving north to Bragmar after lunch on the banks of the River Tay one Sunday last August. On the long hill that climbs to the harpin switchback in the Grampians (it is known as the Devil's Elbow) the gears on our rented Ford Zephyr gave out. Peter Beard and I were able to push the car around the curve and coast downhill for five miles to a small roadside inn at the Spital of Glenshee. It was after licensing hours, but the proprietor lost no time in proving the Scottish maxim that the

continued



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SCOTLAND continued

law winks for the weary traveler. We were led into a room behind the bar where other weary travelers were sitting around a table adorned by a dwindling bottle of Glenfarchas. Another bottlesoon appeared, and we settled down to discuss the problem of getting a car repaired on a Sunday in Scotland. We concluded, after an hour, that it could not be done—and, in such pleasant company and cozy surroundings, it did not seem a worrisome problem. I said that we must call Invercauld Castle and tell them we were delayed. The only girl in our midst (I had assumed her to be the daughter of our host) slapped the taut stretch pants covering her thigh and said: "So you're going to Captain Farquharson's? Why didn't you say so? I'll take you myself."

We jammed ourselves and our bags into her Mini-Minor and were off at a speed that seemed incompatible with such a toy car. We arrived at Invercauld, a Gothic castle with roots in the 15th century, about 7 p.m., made quick appreciations to our pleasant chauffeur and were shown to rooms in the square tower by a butler who warned that dinner already was served. We were not the last to the table. The captain was still missing and since Mrs. Farquharson, who is an American and was once an editor on *Harper's Bazaar*, was in a rush to get to one of her fashion-show rehearsals in the village that evening, we began without him. He appeared after the soup, splendid in his kilts and flushed with rage. "Do you know that that woman you brought here wanted to hold a motorcycle rally on one of my moors?" he demanded. "She's been trying to phone me for a week and seized the chance to bring you here to beard me face-to-face."

Well, one man's sport is another man's Charley horse, and things got better after that. Always Farquharson, the laird of Invercauld, inherited 280,000 acres of grouse moors, sheep meadows and stag forests and 26 miles of one of the world's best salmon streams—the River Dee. To keep the whole thing together he takes paying guests—most of them Americans—for the fishing and the shooting.

A week at Invercauld is a sporting house party. The Queen is across the road at Balmoral—she rents her moors from Farquharson. Breakfast of thick porridge, kippers, bacon, eggs, scones and delicious home-baked oatmeal breads are served in what was once the open-hearth kitchen of the house. The

days are given over to salmon fishing in the spring and early summer, to grouse shooting followed by deer stalking from August 12 on. There are Land Rovers, gillies, gamekeepers and—in grouse season—40 beaters to drive the birds across the line of butts. Seven guns are taken at a time. Wives come out to join the men for picnics by some trickling burn, and in the evenings cocktails are served under the mounted heads of stags and portraits of Victoria and Albert and Farquharson ancestors in rooms filled with geraniums and fuchsia and overstuffed furniture covered with chintz or Paisley shawls. Dinner, which always includes game from the estate—salmon, venison or grouse—is served in a great vaulted dining room by candlelight. The guests all dress, and several nights a week there is a piper who after dinner plays a pibroch. 20 minutes of intricate variations on a mournful paper's air. A week at Invercauld is far from cheap—\$750 for one, including the fishing or shooting. A non-shooting or nonfishing wife is charged \$36 per day. But, as Mrs. Farquharson has been heard to say, "This is no Hilton-in-the-hills."

Shooting is not always so rarefied as at Invercauld. There are various small hotels that lease moors or stag forests from some nearby estate and pick up their keepers and stalkers from the village as guests require. The Scottish tourist office lists 27 hotels with shooting rights. At Invergarry in Inverness-shire, Captain and Mrs. L. C. Hunt run a roadside hotel that is unprepossessing from the outside but filled with warmth and charm. The food is as good as the sport. The Hunts have three salmon beats on the Garry to let for \$135 per week and grouse moors where shooting (no driven game—you walk up) is \$18 per day. For stag the charge is \$42 a day, but this includes a stalker, a pony to carry the trophy, a pony boy, a gillie and a Land Rover. To the extreme north in Caithness, the Hon. Robin Sinclair, heir to Lord Thurso, runs the Lochdhu Hotel at Altnabreac. He prefers to take sportsmen in pairs and offers first-class accommodations with six days' deer stalking at \$306 for two, all included, and a reasonable chance for a trophy. Fishermen can try out nine miles of the splendid River Thurso and any of 12 lochs for \$105 a week, all expenses included.

Wherever or whatever you shoot in

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After the dunking, we bake it and sand it by hand.

Then we paint it

Then we bake it again, and sand it again by hand.

Then we paint it again.

And bake it again.

And sand it again by hand.

So after 3 times, you'd think we wouldn't bother to paint it again and bake it again. Right?

Wrong.

Scotland, the conditions will be so different from anything you have had before that it is a good idea to pause in London en route for a course of lessons at Holland & Holland's Shooting School. You can take as many as six lessons or just spend a morning there with instructors who will check the seat of your gun and take you over the school's 60-acre course. The course simulates closely the shooting conditions you will find when you go north. The grouse-buffs are covered in heather, and the clay targets come across the knoll at the speed of a grouse—which means up to 60 miles per hour. There are hedges for simulating portridge shooting on English farmland, a high tower that tosses birds approximating ducks or pheasants and a brambly "quail walk." You are also taught the etiquette and the safety procedures that are expected of you when you join a party. And your wife can be taught, in half an hour, to load for you and to spot your shot pattern over your shoulder and correct your shooting. A two-hour session costs \$15 and a course of six lessons \$38. Clay pigeons are \$4.50 per 100.

Shooting is the most expensive sport in Scotland; the pony trek is one of the cheapest. Although trekking centers have spread all over Scotland since the inception of the idea after World War II, the center of trekking is the beautiful Roth Roy country in the Trossachs hills. In Aberfoyle we joined a group at the Covenanters' Inn, a sprawling place with tartan rugs on the floor, big stone fireplaces that blazed warmly on a cool summer's evening and little bars tucked away in corners called by such names as "Wee Noggins." There were many legacies from England, Ireland and Scotland, a mother and daughter from Australia, three pretty sophomores from the University of Wisconsin and a grandmotherly sett from Maine who had never ridden a horse before.

Each was assigned his own mount, a fat little swayback Highland garron or an equally fat Icelandic pony, both breeds chosen for their surefootedness in potholes or shale and their habit of walking in line, one behind another. The idea is to come for a week, arriving on a Saturday. On Sunday one meets one's steed, learns the pony-trekking knot, the care and feeding and saddling of ponies, and takes a short turn through the one-street town on horseback. Each

day for the rest of the week it's up at 8 to bring your pony in from pasture, breakfast at 9 and saddle up at 10 for progressively longer rides. We joined the last or graduation ride on Friday, to the top of a heathered hill 1,500 feet high. There was a picnic on the mountaintop, with Sir Walter Scott's beautiful lakes spread below. Back at the stable at 4 the ponies were watered and fed and, after a substantial tea for the trekkers, given a good carrying and turned out to pasture. Supper was at 7:30, followed by dancing to a tinkling concho and a wild round or two of ping-pong. A week at the Covenanters' Inn, trekking included, costs \$57. In May and September, Hugh McGregor, who runs the treks at Aberfoyle, takes groups on post treks—from hotel to hotel through the Trossachs area. You do not need formal riding attire, but you do need sweaters and waterproof Ride-Maes or parkas and comfortable, nonchafing boots.

A family traveling together might find it a good idea to leave the youngsters at a trekking center for a week of horsemanship while the parents take off on a golfing tour of Scotland's legendary courses: Troon and Turnberry, Prestwick and St. Andrews, all championship links whose names read like a history of the British Open. Golf is the sport that brings most Americans to Scotland. 600 Americans played the Old Course at St. Andrews last year, and at Gleneagles there are often as many as 200 American guests in a week during the summer. American golfers are welcome on almost any course at almost any time. For the private courses, a letter from your club secretary, presented to the secretary of the club you wish to play is introduction enough. There are 96 public courses in Scotland, including St. Andrews, where a round on the Old Course costs \$140. There is a draw each morning at 8 to determine who gets to play the Old Course. It stretches out beside the sea, dogleg fashion, then turns around and parallels itself for the back nine. Since the incoming green and the outgoing green are often one and the same, on a crowded day it is rather like being at Thermopylae. Two other courses, the Jubilee and the New Course, parallel the Old Course, and on a windy day it is possible that you will be playing three at once.

Americans visiting St. Andrews usually stay at Russacks, the Scores, the

continued

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A good beat on a truly great salmon stream such as the Dee, the Tay, the Tweed or the Spey can cost up to \$300 for a week. But that beat will be yours alone for miles in each direction. Good salmon fishing can also be had for much less money. Sea trout, brown trout, grayling—in rivers and lochs—are widely available and much less expensive than salmon. There is so much fishing in Scotland that the Scottish Tourist Board publishes each year a very handy guide to it, *Scotland for Fishing*, listing streams and lochs, together with details of charges, seasons, price for gillies and boats and descriptions of fishing hotels. It can be obtained from the Scottish Tourist Board, 2 Rutland Place, Edinburgh 1, along with three other guides to sport in Scotland, for \$1. Another very useful booklet for Americans anticipating a sporting vacation in Scotland is *Scotland, Home of Golf*, which is free from the British Travel Association, 680 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Anyone who plans to fish in Scotland, particularly for salmon, would do well to stop in Edinburgh for a couple of days and enroll in one of the angling schools, such as the one run by D. M. Kean. The schools claim that in two days they can make a reasonable fisherman out of an absolute novice, employing the 12-to-14-foot salmon rod used on Scottish rivers. It seems that women get the swing of casting more quickly than men. It is also possible to rent your tackle—in London from Farlow's on Pall Mall, in Aberdeen from Sharpe's, in Edinburgh from Kean's. The price is about 10% of the value of the rig for a week. And since you'll never use a 14-foot salmon rod on the rivers back home, it's a good idea.

For the young and frugal sportsman, hosteling can be a lark in Scotland. There are 90 youth hostels around the country where one pays 50c a night for a bed. In most hostels you cook your own meals. One of the rules of the game is that you have to arrive at a hostel under your own power, on foot or on bicycle. Some of the hostels are in State-ly Homes, some have pony trekking and water sports. At Rowardennan one can canoe or sail on Loch Lomond. Bring your sleeping bag and sheets. A card from the American Youth Hostels, Inc., 14 West 8th St., New York, N.Y. 10011, costs \$4 a year up to 17 years of age, \$6 from 18 to 20, \$7 for adults. **END**

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PEOPLE

A lot of people have wondered how an old man like **Yogi Berra** (below), subjected to the softening effects of a year's layoff and of a managerial term, could regain playing form so quickly. They need wonder no longer. Yogi, smarter than the average Berra, has been getting in condition by lifting 55-gallon drums of hexahydroxy alcohol. His chemically sophisticated elbow bending is for the benefit of Buird, a firm which feels that chemical producers' advertising too often falls into the "dull, unimagination and repetitious rat" of talk about "quality, service and dependability." Speaking of quality, service and dependability, Berra has most recently been associated with Yankee losses in the World Series and with the Mets' fight for the cellar. It remains to be seen what he does to sales of $C_6H_{14}O_6$.

Raymond Gaca, newly appointed Ambassador to Ireland, got a quick introduction to Irish protocol. Gaca's ceremonial presentation of credentials to President **Eamonn de Valera** was postponed two hours so that both ambassador and president

could get to Punchestown in time for the first race of the National Hunt Festival.

According to General Manager **Los Mohs**, Los Angeles Laker Coach **Fred Schaus** developed his own little tension-relieving device during the past season. Whenever his mind got too knotted up in Laker problems, Schaus would wander over to his window and mechanically water the flowers in a window box outside. The way the season turned out, Schaus did a lot of wandering and the flowers got a lot of water. It wasn't until the season was over that his wife told him he had been watering plastic flowers.

Suppose you're a White Sox fan settling down to watch some baseball. You flip on the television set. Click, buzz, hum. There he is—good ol' Senator **Paul Douglas**, voice of the Chicago White Sox, bringing you the ball game. What? You pound the controls. You resolve to give up drinking beer so early in the afternoon. But it really is Senator Douglas, who went out to see a game and wound up telecasting part of it. Sportscaster Douglas turned out to be a little less excitable than Jack Brickhouse, but no less loyal. "We've got a man on second," pattered Douglas. "If Skowron gets a hit, we've got another run in." Only when bumpy-bunting **Don Buford** blasted a home run over the center field canvas into the bullpen was Douglas given pause. "Well," he said, coming his way into the fraternity of sports announcers, "that woke up the relief pitchers."

While everyone in Kansas City and New York City was trying to guess the clandestine details of the trade that sent **John Blanchard** and **Roland Sheldon** to K.C. for **Doc Edwards**, Blanchard's friends in the Twin Cities were worrying about the phone number of his liquor store. When he purchased the store in a Minneapolis suburb

several years ago, Blanchard requested a seven-digit number that spelled **Y-A-N-K-E-E-E-S**. That was convenient to dial and easy to remember, at least for Yankee lovers. So far nobody has conjured up a replacement. **C-L-O-W-N-S** is too short.

Tom O'Hara, holder of the world's best indoor time for the mile (3:56.4), appears to be thriving on a military regimen. "I gained 10 pounds in basic training, mostly in my chest," says O'Hara, previously no Atlas. "I guess that's because of all the push-ups they had me doing." Now up to 143 pounds, the red-headed miler has, however, only been able to run for distance once. That was also in basic training at Fort Leonard Wood, where he ran the mile in 4:47—in combat boots.

Japanese Ambassador Ryoji Takeuchi came to Arizona to see the Grand Canyon and Goldwater country. As an added attraction, he got in a round of golf with **Robert Goldwater**, No. 1 amateur in the Southwest. The Republican leader's brother won, but 5-foot 3-inch Takeuchi

scored a face-making 78. "How's Barry's game?" Bob asked his new-found golfing crony, a fellow member of the Senator's at Burning Tree Country Club in Bethesda, Md. He was reassured to learn that the elder Goldwater had corrected the hook that had caused him so much trouble. "Now he is slicing," said the ambassador.

New Light Heavyweight Boxing Champion **José Torres**, who had previously restricted himself to challenging boxing champions of various weights, has accepted a new challenge. He is singing in the Xavier Cugat show at New York's Paramount Theatre.

Penny Drewery (below), daughter of London Property Magnate **Edward Drewery**, got 21 keys to 21 apartments for her 21st birthday. Every week she makes the rounds of those flats, collecting rent. To collect her coppers, Penny is learning judo. Not just to repulse thieves, she claims, but also to discourage "romantic pests." "I think the only way to get rid of men is to threaten them physically," says the seductive Miss Drewery.





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Hopkins lost a title and maybe a tradition

For 78 years lacrosse had been the only sport that really mattered to the men of Homewood, but as they were beaten last week by Navy there were signs that the old Indian game soon will have some competition



PROTECTING THE BALL FROM HOPKINS' CHARLES PUGH, STAR NAVY ATTACK MAN JIM LEWIS CUTS DOWNFIELD TO SET UP A GOAL

The old, old story of the good little man versus the good big man took an unexpected turn last week. The good little man was Dennis Wedekind, and he was remarkably good indeed, perhaps as good as any goalie has ever been on any Navy lacrosse team. Wedekind looked particularly small on the bare green expanse of Homewood Field at Johns Hopkins University, for he is only 5 feet 4 inches tall. Congress specifies that midshipmen at the Naval Academy must be at least 5 feet 4, and most of the men on Navy's lacrosse team stand 6 feet 2, 6 feet 3, and so on, and look like football players, which is what they are when they are not playing lacrosse.

Nevertheless, when Wedekind sprinted away from Navy's goal after a save, with the ball cradled in the rawhide

thongs of his lacrosse stick, and raced down the field in a sort of composed frenzy, dodging two or three Hopkins defensemen, he gave such a clear demonstration of the art, excitement and mystery of this ancient Indian pastime that the occasion became historic. Not that he was alone in the demonstration. Jim Lewis, the Navy attack man, is said by people who have been watching lacrosse in Maryland for decades to be the best they have ever seen. Lewis is 5 feet 9 inches, weighs 190 pounds and is gifted with instant acceleration. Poker-faced and tirelessly aggressive, he suddenly materializes somewhere near the goal with the ball in his possession. Between them, Wedekind and Lewis did not seem to be beating Johns Hopkins. They seemed to be beating the game of la-

crosse. But since lacrosse has been played at Johns Hopkins for 78 years and is the major sport there, that might amount to the same thing.

The Navy game this year had special significance for Johns Hopkins. It had an undefeated team and the intercollegiate championship was at stake. In addition, it was Homecoming, with red-hued and flowering dogwood on schedule brightening the handsome Baltimore campus that looks like a stage setting. There were 42 bright class banners around the walls of the gymnasium, beginning with the black-and-violet banner of 1882, and the sense of tradition was strong. Homecoming at Johns Hopkins is the sort of event at which some distinguished surgeon carrying a banner turns to a bystander and says, "We

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haven't had this big a turnout in a long time," taking it for granted that anyone there must be a member of his class. A benign scholar, with an unworldly expression on his features, wanders about asking everyone, "Where is 1915?"—a year that seems a long way away; in those days Hopkins was playing lacrosse with the Carlisle Indians.

As it was in 1915, however, lacrosse is part of the way of life at Johns Hopkins in 1965, though with sports de-emphasized, with no admissions charged to games and—more important—no athletic scholarships, the Hopkins students of 1965 probably are more aware of the unique character of their lacrosse traditions than were their predecessors 50 years ago. Lacrosse sets Johns Hopkins apart more now than it did then. Between 200 and 300 of the 1,500 undergraduates play lacrosse; there are at least 12 intramural games a week. What is more important is that few Hopkins men in the past took much interest in other sports. Hopkins has a football team, though it is a weak one in a weak league and has won only seven games in the past four years. There are also a basketball team and a baseball team, their status on campus even lower and their records no more inspiring to the student body as a whole. The baseball team was playing Western Maryland last Saturday as part of the same Homecoming celebration that featured the lacrosse game with Navy. It was a good baseball game, played on an easily accessible field within shouting distance of Homewood Field, where the lacrosse game was soon to start, but there were 12 spectators at the baseball game (which Western Maryland won 3-2 in the 10th) compared to 8,000 at the lacrosse game.

That is a fair measure of the different degrees of interest in these sports at Johns Hopkins, at least up to now, and it may be one of the things that Navy's success in beating the game of lacrosse has changed. Whatever else the Navy squad possessed, it had rounded athletic experience: seven of the first-string lacrosse team were on Navy's varsity football squad. As for Hopkins, traditions were gallantly upheld. Concentrating on lacrosse alone, its players had beaten Yale, Princeton, Virginia and Rutgers decisively, and upset a powerful Army team 6-3. It was that which made the Navy game the one that probably would decide the national championship.



PROUD STANDARD-BEARER, 86-YEAR-OLD MILTON W. POWELL JOINS HOMECOMING

True, Navy also beat Princeton, by a score of 17-9, compared to Hopkins' 10-6. The only other team they both met was Mount Washington. Here Hopkins won a surprisingly tough game 13-8 (with the score only 6-4 at the half), while Navy made it 21-1. But, on the other hand, few had given Hopkins a chance against Army. In fact, news of that Hopkins victory was generally disbelieved in Baltimore. *The Baltimore Sun* has been on strike for the past month, and when the reports spread by word of mouth that Hopkins had beaten Army it was considered another idle rumor. A week later Hopkins emerged strongly as a championship possibility with a 21-6 victory over Syracuse, and the stage was set for last week's Homecoming drama.

There is something inherently old-fashioned about lacrosse; it looks as if it ought to be illustrated by Currier and Ives. Its old-fashioned air, however, was entirely on the side of the Johns Hopkins upholders of tradition. Navy was de-

voted to efficiency, unhurried accuracy, the careful gaining of minute advantages and the scientific hoarding of them until they resulted in goals. At the face-off, for instance, Frank Szoka of Johns Hopkins, 5 feet 10, 165 pounds, faced Stewart Overton of Navy, 6 feet 2, 191 pounds, a football tackle. The ball exploded into play, and Navy emerged in possession of it. This started something. In the first 13 face-offs in the first quarter Navy collected the ball 12 times. To get back to the first one—a minute and a half after Navy got possession, Jim Lewis materialized before the Hopkins goal with a short angling shot for the first score. On the second face-off Szoka faced Neil Henderson, 6 feet 2, 190 pounds, another football player. In fact, Navy had three midfields of equal ability, substituted with computerlike efficiency according to the situation or the Hopkins personnel involved. This time the process was interrupted when an agitated Hopkins junior, Lucky Mallonee (whose father

continued

was a famous star of the great 1928 team and is in the Lacrosse Hall of Fame) tried a bit of romantic derring-do with a long, forlorn run and a wild, hopeless shot. Hopkins' Stan Fine then got the ball by Wedekind to even the score.

This evoked a massive retaliation, ponderous and implacable. Brian Lantier, 6 feet 3, 185 pounds, another Navy football player, scored Navy's second goal, followed by one by Owen McFadden, then another by Lewis, then another by Lantier, to make it 5-1. Halfway through the first quarter the Hopkins stands had grown silent. The older members of the Hopkins community, speaking to a visitor watching his first lacrosse game, made such staccato comments as, "You won't often see a play like that." Or, when Lewis scored with a shot that was shoulder-high, an inch from the edge of the net, "What defense is there against that?"

Extreme specialization made the Navy attack seem even more overwhelming than it was. Near the end of the half the score was 7-4, not hopeless by any means,

but in 14 face-offs Hopkins had collected the ball only twice and in the frantic brief scrambles over loose balls Navy had recovered most of them. The half ended with the score Navy 10, Hopkins 4. "A team sometimes comes from far behind in the second half in lacrosse," said one of the elder statesmen of Hopkins, "but not against Navy."

In a second half marked by excruciatingly long battles over loose balls, and a flare-up of frustration when Hopkins Defenseman Mike Oldnick and Navy Captain Brian Lantier fell to belaboring each other with lacrosse sticks and were ejected from the game, there were moments when it was not easy by any means for Navy. The old-fashioned, single-handed heroism of the Hopkins players' attack, and their marvelous passing, occasionally lifted the hopes of traditionalists. But more often a Hopkins attack ended in a spectacular save by Wedekind, followed by a spectacular reversal when he ran down the field to take a shot at the goal himself.

At the end the score of 15-6 was not so bad. It merely meant the end of Hopkins' hopes for a championship. It meant another national title for Navy, Army has already lost twice, so the outcome will not be affected by the forthcoming Army-Navy game.

What mattered most was the change in the Hopkins attitude toward lacrosse. One of the features of Homecoming was the dedication of the new Newton H. White Athletic Center, a magnificent \$2.5 million structure. It caters to all the required lacrosse traditions—the Hall of Fame room, the old-fashioned stick carried by Father Bill Schmeisser in 1900—but it also has a superb swimming pool, so that Hopkins will now have one of the essentials for a swimming team. It also has a new gymnasium for the basketball team, and about every other sports facility that anyone would want. It points up the hard lesson that Johns Hopkins has learned: her athletes may have to master all modern sports in order to keep lacrosse alive. **END**

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No affinity for the Trinity

Pity the poor pro golfer who goes to the Colonial National each year knowing that he has to face tornadoes, trees and the Trinity River

The life of a touring professional golfer is so thoroughly arranged nowadays that he seldom has to think about anything more complicated than where he put the keys to his courtesy car. Tournament sponsors break bread-jump records to take care of the obscure (as well as the famous) player's hotel and plane reservations, to see that he understands how to sign for his meals and to guide him, almost by sonar beep, to the club parking lot. The majority of the 43 different courses that the pros may see in a year on the PGA tour are not what even their proprietors would describe as "think" courses—a think course being one that requires something more than

a lashed-at tee shot, a flick of a wedge and a putt across a rhinoceros footprint. There are precious few think courses, no more than six or eight. So when one is encountered, as was the case last week at the Colonial National Invitation in Fort Worth, a whole new type of golf game is needed. In the best of times Colonial confronts the pro with forests to avoid, rivers to shun, thickets to elude and gulches to escape from. And in the worst of times—when the creeks rise, as Texans like to say—Colonial tosses in more lightning and rain than a Dorothy Lamour movie. Tornadoes threaten, there is darkness at noon and the countryside looks like the Johnstown flood.

The 1965 Colonial was the worst of times, and by the time it was over—if ever this think course had given the pros a yearful of things to think about.

The loving phrase the pros use for most of the layouts on which they compete for \$3.5 million a year is "rat course," which can mean either poorly conditioned, or short, or both. Colonial, however, like any U.S. Open course, or National PGA course, or the Inverstone in Akron, or Pebble Beach during the Crosby, to cite examples, is none of those things. Instead, Colonial is 7,100 winding yards of Bermuda grass, old oak and pecan trees, flower beds, bunkers, fences, ponds and river. A brutal par 70, it has narrow, twisting fairways, shadowed greens tucked deep among protective trees, and it requires an almost unbearable variety of decisions. The long hitter is frustrated right away because there are only two par-5 holes, neither of which can be reached in two shots unless the player cares to risk threading a slender opening with a three-wood. Equally frustrating for the birdie-conscious pro is the fact that a quartet of the par-4 holes requires at least a five- or six-iron to the green, and usually

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something longer. Two of four long par 3s go across deep canyons that slope down into the brown Trinity River, another is across a pond and the fourth sits by an out-of-bounds fence. From start to finish Colonial puts a premium on placement. It is no wonder that par golf—280 or over—has been good enough to win in 10 out of the past 18 years.

"It must be the hardest course on the tour to shoot par on," said Mike Sou-chak, who in 1956 became the only relatively inexperienced player ever to win. Colonial's past champions have familiar names: Ben Hogan, Sam Snead, Cary Middlecoff, Julius Boros, Arnold Palmer, Billy Casper—that type of player.

"A lot of courses fight you back, and you kind of like that. But this place is different," said Arnold Palmer, who managed to play really well at Colonial just once, in 1962, when he won, and who had a 312 in the 1955 tournament. "You make a bogey and then spend all day trying to get it back. Or all week."

Despite Colonial's tortures, there is always one reassuring thing. As Mason Rudolph says, "You know before you start out that the best player that particular week is going to win. You have to be that good from tee to green. You can't scrape it around. And I think it's a small comfort to most of us that a par round here is plenty good. You can even shoot a 72 and not lose your spot." Rudolph should know. In 19 rounds at Colonial he has never broken 70.

The galleries at Colonial are as hip to the situation as the pros. And the 50,000 fans who followed the play last week seemed wholly familiar with the likely places to watch the experts flailing out of trees and climbing out of ravines.

The best such place was, as usual, the 5th hole, one of the most demanding par-4s in golf (\$1, Feb. 15). A long dog-leg to the right around the Trinity, it has been responsible for more poor shots than the bickery shaft. This year, through the first three rounds, there were 74 bogeys, 17 double bogeys and four triple bogeys on the 5th hole, but only 14 birdies. The thousands who lined the 5th fairway saw Palmer driving into a gully, Hogan hitting an oak limb, Art Wall ricocheting several shots off tree trunks and such experts as Johnny Pott, Lionel Hebert, Fred Hawkins and host pro Roland Harper making 7s in a lot of curious ways.

One can, if one must, trust in Coloni-

al's bounces, which is part of the reason George Knudson managed to hold on to the lead or a share of it through three rounds of play. The very first day he drove off the 5th tee straight toward the river—a wild slice—but the ball struck a tree, bounded back onto the fairway, and he salvaged a par. At the 8th hole, a par-3, he played from one bunker to another, and then sank a 10-foot putt for a bogey. Later, at the 10th, he scooped a chip shot after missing his approach, but sank a 20-foot putt for a par. So it went, and after 10 one-putt greens Knudson posted a 68, two under. In the second round he played five strokes better from tee to green, but his score went up to 71. "You feel like you're stealing when you make a birdie, and making a bogey can be a major accomplishment," he said.

Tony Lema came in after shooting a 70 on Saturday that moved him within a stroke of Knudson, and said, "I'm playing well, but do you know what kind of shots I had to hit out there? A 60-yard two-iron, a sky-high wedge to get the ball over a tree and a 100-yard chip. Knock it off line just a little around here, and you go to the trick bag."

"This is the toughest course I ever played," said Chi Chi Rodriguez after shooting a 69, and then English grammar deserted him as he added with awe: "You can't miss no shots or you're out there with the snakes." Little did Chi Chi know how close the snakes were. A water moccasin crawled out of a pond by the 18th green on Friday and a policeman drew his pistol to kill it. After two misfires he succeeded, to the relief of the gallery.

By Saturday night most of the field had bounced golf balls off enough trees to be playing the Colonial just for laughs, and there seemed to be plenty of those, for the club members bring an easygoing attitude to their tournament. There was, for example, the urgent messenger who rushed up to a member of Colonial's credentials committee and reported a snake had been found in one of the women's rest rooms. "I only want to know two things," said the committeeman. "First, if it's a woman snake, and second, if it's got a gallery ticket."

Colonial has a good time staging its event for several reasons. The main one is that the club is Ben Hogan's course, and the members always have a hero to root for. For two rounds this year they

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cheered as loudly as they had five times in the past when Hogan won, because Ben played so well he was just one stroke off the pace. The second reason is that Colonial, much like the Masters, is a social occasion as well as a tournament. It is an event that encourages its chairman, a pleasant, plump fellow named Frank Rogers, to bring nightclub acts to the clubhouse every evening and to put his own singing dog, Snuffy, on exhibition. There was a running debate as to whether Snuffy, a dachshund, actually sang or simply whined, but he did harmonize with Frank Rogers. While Rogers entertained, Hogan did his part by throwing a quail dinner for the press.

If the party was a first for Hogan, so was something that happened to him before the tournament started. Standing in a bunker on the 18th green after the completion of a practice round, Hogan was hitting sand wedges at the pin when he was startled by a shout of "fore" from down the fairway. He turned and stared at the approaching players for

what seemed like several minutes, as if memorizing the names of everyone in order to find out whom to punish.

A player watching the scene said, "I don't think anyone's ever hollered at Ben before. He probably didn't know what fore meant."

On Sunday, Colonial turned loose its Sunday punch, the Texas springtime. Knudson had his one-stroke lead, Lema and Bruce Crampton were right behind him and nobody was going anywhere because Texas had to show off. The rains came, and so did the lightning and dire warnings of tornadoes. Play was canceled, a move that surprised no one because play is always being canceled at Colonial. Rounds were washed out in '47, '52, '57, '64, and in 1949 the whole tournament went down the Trinity when flood waters rose to the clubhouse door.

Sunday's weather, by Colonial standards, was routine. Monday's was bad. The leaders had hardly squashed their way out onto the soggy course when a downpour began filling the bunkers and

sinking the fairways. By noon the Atlantic Ocean and the course looked like similar water hazards, and beset Frank Rogers shouted "Stop playing" once again. Out on the 16th hole the bleachers were floating away, while in the clubhouse the players were trying to get away. Many of them felt like Mason Rudolph, unhappily tied for 41st place—which would be worth exactly \$240—and anxious to take off for the Greater New Orleans Open, which was due to start in 72 hours. "We'll play the last round Tuesday," announced Frank Rogers. "We won't," said a few people like Doug Ford, Tommy Jacobs, Bob Rosburg and Dick Sikes, who had little to lose by leaving. But most of the field stayed and sulked and fretted, especially poor George Knudson. There he was, now leader of the Colonial for five straight days, a \$20,000 first prize in his grasp and nobody to hit golf balls with. But that's the way it is with the Colonial National Invitation. Come hail or high water, it gives the pros an event to remember.

END



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Lucky's Shoe tries to put on the second leg

The metaphor is mixed, but the task in the Preakness is the same for Willie Shoemaker and Lucky Debonair as it was in the Kentucky Derby

If Lucky Debonair had won the Kentucky Derby with overwhelming decisiveness, his victory might have reduced this week's 90th Preakness to the status of an anticlimax. Since his margin was slight, it now seems likely that the mile-and-three-sixteenths second leg of the Triple Crown at Pimlico will be every bit the equal of the Derby in both quality and excitement.

Obviously, one of the factors contributing to this situation is a stubborn disbelief on the part of many Louisville losers that Lucky Debonair is the best 3-year-old. On Derby Day he certainly was, and there can be no disputing the fact that Willie Shoemaker more than compensated for some of his previous erratic Derby rides by handling the winner with flawless skill and judgment. Shoe, for example, saw to it that the son of Vertex utilized his early lick and agility to get into—and out of—that crowded first turn ahead of the trouble that developed behind him. Then, knowing full well that Flag Raiser would try to open up as long as lead as possible on the backstretch, Willie stayed with the pace all the way. After this considerable effort, Shoe found that he still had enough horse under him to open up a three-length lead down the final lane—a lead which ultimately enabled him to stand off the thrilling closing rush of Dapper Dan. But Shoe and his colt will have to do it all over again this week.

One of the imponderables about any Preakness has always been the mystery of individual durability. No one, even the most experienced trainer, can predict with certainty how any young horse will react to the challenge of two demanding distance races within the space

of 14 days. Trainer Horatio Luro, for instance, has discovered in recent years how this challenge can bring dramatically different results. After Luro's Decidedly set a Derby track record in 1962, he was not the same colt at Pimlico; without any excuse, he finished a lackluster eighth. In fact, never again did he demonstrate his brilliant Derby form. Luro's Northern Dancer, on the other hand, broke Decidedly's record while winning the 1964 Derby and then went up to Pimlico to win the Preakness with equal distinction two weeks later.

If it is durability—along with sheer ability—that the situation demands, the colt most capable of a Preakness upset is Flag Raiser. This Florida-bred son of Rough'n Tumble, who races for the highly successful Bieher-Jacobs stable, is just about invincible at Aqueduct, where last week he won the \$60,000 Withers by eight lengths over Gallant Lad. On the way, Flag Raiser broke the Aqueduct six-furlong record with a clocking of 1:08½, and his final time of 1:34½, with 126 pounds up, is one of the fastest miles ever run in New York.

Many expected that Flag Raiser, who set the Derby pace before tiring to finish eighth, would be slightly weary in his 12th start of the year (in 1964 he went to the post 21 times). But he took command almost immediately and was never challenged. As his jockey, Bobby Ussery, put it, "You can't criticize a horse for winning. If he gets to running as he did in the Withers nothing can stay with him, and one day he may go as far as he has to." It is interesting to note that in the last 35 Preaknesses, 12 winners led all the way—the most recent being Bold Ruler and Bally Ache.

Speaking of Bold Ruler, it now turns out that both of his eligible sons, Bold Lad and Jacinto, will skip the Pimlico race. Bold Lad came out of the Derby sound but lost 100 pounds in the next week, which led Trainer Bill Winfrey to conjecture that his horse may have had a slight temperature just before post time. Jacinto's right front ankle filled again last week, knocking him out of all competition for the time being.

Native Charger and Hail to All, fourth and fifth in the Derby, will be on hand again—and so will two sons of Ribot who created almost as much excitement in Louisville by finishing second and third as Lucky Debonair did in winning. Ogden Phipps's Dapper Dan and Raymond Guest's Tom Rolfe had typical "racing luck" kinds of excuses for losing. The former was hothoused on the first turn and then lost yards of ground circling his field to enter the stretch. If he has the constitution to stand up to another tough race so soon he will be even more dangerous this time. The same goes for Tom Rolfe, whose trainer, Frank Whiteley, was told by Owner Ambassador Raymond Guest from the U.S. Embassy in Dublin last weekend, "I definitely want to get this colt to the Belmont [June 5], but if you think he can make the Preakness as well, let's go." Whiteley does not blame Jockey Ron Turcotte for driving Tom Rolfe toward a nonexistent hole midway in the final turn of the Derby, but he does say, "We didn't plan to be as close to the pace as we wound up. He's a better horse if he comes from behind, and he would have been better if Ron hadn't been forced to check him twice." Maribeu, a third son of Ribot, also is a possible Preakness starter, but he will more likely be kept at Garden State—where he won an allowance race last week—to train for the May 31st Jersey Derby.

The Preakness field may include Turn to Reason, Needles' Count, Skippi and Swift Ruler, but not as serious contenders. It should be a race with two distinct, exciting parts. First, Lucky Debonair and Native Charger trying to catch Flag Raiser as the field leaves the backstretch. Second: a charge of come-from-behinders Dapper Dan, Tom Rolfe and Hail to All to overhaul Lucky Debonair in the last sixteenth. Only another absolutely perfect ride by Shoemaker will keep Lucky Debonair from being beaten this time. By whom? Tom Rolfe. **END**



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The Hustler's Handbook

by **BILL VEECK** with **ED LINN**

"A hustler," says Bill Veeck, "is a man who will talk you into giving him a free ride and then make it seem as if he is doing you a great favor. I am a hustler—and I know one when I see one." With this issue, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED introduces the first of five chapters of Mr. Veeck's explosive new book about baseball, his sequel to the entertaining and highly controversial "Veeck—as in Wreck." "The Hustler's Handbook," which will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons this summer, is certain to delight its readers as much as it will anger many of baseball's most prominent names. You will not always agree with Mr. Veeck—he does not expect you to—but we think you will agree that what he has to say is worth reading.

CONTINUED



Johnny Keane



Bing Devine

Low Comedy and High Intrigue

The World Series, baseball's version of the Coronation, was followed this past season by a two-part drama of low comedy and high intrigue in which pennant-winning managers went bouncing around the landscape with an abandon not seen since the boom days of Frank Lane. The analysts and second-guessers haven't had so much fun since the Bay of Pigs.

Needless to say, situations such as this do not come about unless there has been some high-powered brainwork going on in the higher executive echelons. What happened was that the duly commissioned thinkers in both St. Louis and New York quit cold on their teams a couple of months before the season came to an end. Gusie Busch and his special consultant, Branch Rickey, had forsaken all hope for the Cardinals, and Ralph Houk of the Yankees had written off the season in New York. Fall guys were

badly needed and, in baseball, the manager has been historically assigned the duty of exposing the jugular before he exited, bleeding. Otherwise the operator might have to blame himself, and that might shake his confidence in his own infallibility.

The apparent hero of the drama was Johnny Keane, manager of the Cardinals last year and of the Yankees this year. Keane entered the month of September holding an empty hand and walked out in mid-October holding everything any mortal man could reasonably wish for, including the universal esteem of his countrymen.

The darker side of this morality play was very brilliantly represented, of course, by Gusie Busch, who rides lead horse for Anheuser-Busch, by our friend Mr. Rickey, the man who taught Machiavelli the strike zone, and by Houk, the iron major of the Yankees.

Gusie is an old friend, and I like him. But one thing you've got to say about Gusie—he's got that certain indefinable insensitivity. Item: I decided I had better take my Browns out of town in 1933, after Anheuser-Busch bought the Cardinals, because Gusie was smarter, handsomer and he had better posture. He was also richer, wealthier and he had more money. The American League in its assembled wisdom had other plans for me, though, having little to do with making me as rich or as handsome as Gusie—or even with improving my posture. In my final year in St. Louis—known to lovers of freedom everywhere as the Year of the Bastille—I devised a grand design. Put simply, my grand design was to stay alive. As part of this devilishly clever plot, I sold Sportsman's Park to Anheuser-Busch for \$1,100,000 and all the repairs they could find.

One of the minor inconveniences of



Yogi Berra



Branch Rickey

this transaction was that my wife, my son and I were living in an apartment we had built right into the park, and we had to get out. Gussie, being a nice man, decided to help us by offering to buy a few of our furnishings. He came to the door with the entourage of yes-men and sycophants that surrounds him wherever he goes, clearing away all air pockets of resistance and breathing up any loose smog lingering in the atmosphere. Well, I really shouldn't say they're *all* sycophants; I haven't met them all.

Gussie was sensitive enough to the delicacy of the situation to instruct his entourage to wait out by the entrance while he marched through the apartment, buying up everything in sight. I stood by, somewhat startled, shuffling my feet and clearing my throat in my usual dynamic and forceful way. I knew that he was only trying to be helpful and that I should have been suitably grateful but—broke though I was—I hadn't really intended to auction off my entire home. I mean, my posture didn't

improve at all during the subsequent half hour.

I mention this only to make the point that it was this same insensitivity that turned the Keane affair into a complete debacle for him.

Our story really begins on a night in Hollywood in the fall of 1962, when Busch dropped by the Brown Derby to say hello to the innkeeper, his old friend Bob Cobb. Cobb also happens to be a close friend of Branch Rickey. Cobb had been president and principal owner of the old Hollywood Stars in the Pacific Coast League when Rickey was running the Pittsburgh Pirates, and Branch had entered into a working agreement with him and provided enough useful players to keep the club respectable.

As Cobb commiserated with Busch upon the evil days that had befallen the Cardinals, they began to reminisce about the grand old days when the Gas House Gang was running over everything in the league.

"You know the fellow you need to restore the old tradition," said Cobb, a

loyal man. "The old master himself, Branch Rickey."

Branch was no more than a rising 80 years old and in semiretirement, but Busch liked the idea. Cobb contacted Rickey, who expressed interest. Then Busch himself called, and before you could say Budweiser, Rickey was on his way back to St. Louis as Gussie's personal adviser.

From that moment on, there was blood on the moon. The only question left to be answered was whether Busch was in for a mild embarrassment or complete disaster. I'll give you a hint: don't go to Gussie Busch with any new programs for putting senior citizens back to work.

Busch already had a general manager in Bing Devine. Since Bing had somehow conceived the idea that his duties included advising the boss about running the ball club, he may be forgiven if he did not exactly view the triumphant return of Rickey as a personal testimonial to the grand job he was doing.

Hiring Branch Rickey is not quite the

continued



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same as hiring a passing stranger to keep the books in order. Everybody in baseball except Busch and a few other equally well-informed owners was perfectly aware that Papa Branch is constitutionally incapable of moving into any kind of an organization without maneuvering to establish himself as the dominant force. Better to have asked Lyndon Johnson to run down to the corner to get Bobby Kennedy a Coke than to have expected Papa Branch to submerge his personality in Bing Devine's. This wonderful situation had come about because Busch had faithfully followed the advice of a saloonkeeper. What a splendid way to run an organization!

To make things even better, the relationship between Bing Devine and his manager, Johnny Keane, was unusually close. Both had come up the hard way, through the Cardinals' minor league system. Keane had been kicking around, it seemed, almost from the beginning of time. Devine had first met him in his own early days when he was running the Rochester club for the Cards and Keane was his manager. When Devine was appointed general manager of the Cards (following the departure of Frank Lane), he brought Keane up as a coach and, when the opportunity arose, astonished everybody by making him the manager.

Or maybe it wasn't so astonishing, after all. With the front office doing everything these days except flashing the hit-and-run sign, the anonymous, colorless organization manager has become standard equipment. Still, if anyone ever looked like an interim choice his name was Johnny Keane.

Not that Keane isn't the kind of manager Rickey himself might have chosen. In Rickey's eyes Keane's great defect was that he was Bing Devine's man.

Devine had traded so well through the years that Busch entered the 1964 season convinced that he had an excellent chance to finally win his first pennant. Instead, the Cardinals spent much of the first half of the season in the second division—in part, my experience tells me, because the ball club had to adjust to a lineup that did not have Stan Musial as

the wheelhorse around whom the rest of the hitters could rally. Never underestimate the psychological importance of the one big hitter in the lineup.

As the Cardinals sputtered, Rickey did not hesitate to hide his dissatisfaction with Johnny Keane. Why should he? He was getting paid to advise Busch, wasn't he? If his criticisms of Keane also happened to rub off on Devine, the man who had hired him and still defended him, that was scarcely Papa Branch's fault.

Keane was too mild, Rickey insinuated, too soft. His players had little respect for him, they talked behind his back, they second-guessed his strategy. Well, of course they did. If U.S. Grant had been leading an army of baseball players, they'd have second-guessed him all the way to the doorknob of Appomattox Court House.

Still, in fairness to Branch, the anti-Keane sentiment went considerably beyond the usual griping. There were eight or nine players who were not particularly reluctant to let it be known that the only thing wrong with the Cardinals was their manager. The most openly critical of the players was Dick Groat, a team leader.

In early August, with the Cardinals going badly and the situation deteriorating, Bing Devine decided to do what he could to save Keane's job. He called in Dick Groat and told him as forcefully as possible that he should apologize to Keane before the whole club.

"That sounds pretty silly to me," Groat told him. "If I'm going to apologize there ought to be eight or nine other guys lined up right behind me. But if you really think it will help the club, O.K. Call your meeting and, for whatever good it will do, I'll apologize."

Well, this may have been an effective way of shutting the players up, but it obviously wasn't going to change anybody's opinion. What Devine was really doing was showing the players that he was standing solidly behind his manager. And whatever they thought of Keane, all the players did like Bing Devine.

And now we come to one of those accidents of timing that are so frustrating to all of us who like to believe that there is an order to life. Earlier in the week a

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VEECK

friend of Gussie's, while on a business trip, had bumped into Eddie Mathews, the Braves' third baseman, and began to kid him about the "dissension" that was supposed to exist on the Milwaukee ball club.

"What are you laughing about?" Eddie said. "We may have some problems on our club, but we don't have any more than you people have on yours."

When he got back to St. Louis, Gussie's friend asked him, casually, whether there was anything to what Mathews had said. "Oh, he had to be kidding," Gussie said. "If there's any dissension on the club I'd know about it."

Within a day or two after the clubhouse meeting, Devine and Keane were called to the brewery for a routine meeting with Busch to discuss the club before the Cards went on the road.

And right here we come to a second maddening accident of timing. The one man who has the ability to move easily between Busch and the hired hands is Dick Meyer, a brewery executive who helps out along the baseball front. Meyer is completely loyal to Busch, but he has a fine diplomatic touch, and it has become customary for all the baseball people to seek his advice before any meeting with Busch. Devine wanted to ask Meyer whether he and Keane should tell Gussie

about Groat's apology and about the general shaping that had led up to it. Meyer, they were told, was tied up in a meeting of his own.

That left Bing and Johnny to come to some decision on their own as they were driving out to the brewery. Devine, still out to protect his manager, decided that if Gussie indicated he knew anything about it they'd tell him the full story, but that if Gussie didn't bring it up, there was nothing to be gained by mentioning it themselves.

The conference turned out to be a short, routine affair. As they were going out the door, however, Gussie, remembering the Mathews gibe, called out almost as an afterthought, "Bing, there isn't any dissension or anything like that on the club, is there?"

Devine, taken by surprise, went the way he was mentally pitched to go. He said that there wasn't. Busch then asked Keane the same question. Johnny hesitated for a moment and then said, "No, there isn't."

As they left the brewery they both knew the fat was in the fire. No matter how they might rationalize it, they realized that they had deliberately misled Busch. When they got back to town they contacted Meyer's office again, and this time he was available



In dramatic post-Series I press conference, Johnny Keane (right) announces his resignation as manager; Gussie Busch (center) and Bob Hawke sit in stunned silence.

Meyer told them they had made a bad mistake. If Busch feels he is entitled to one thing above all else from his employees, it is absolute loyalty. The only possible way to salvage the situation, Meyer decided, was for him to tell Busch the true situation as quickly as possible.

Predictably, Busch was furious. "What kind of games are they playing?" he protested. "They lie to me when I ask them point-blank and then go right down and tell you. I thought I was the owner of this team, but it seems that everybody down to the bat boy knows what's going on before I do. Well, I'm going to fire them both!"

Branch Rickey, who had been called in, warned that it would look very bad to fire both the general manager and manager in the middle of the year. Rickey's advice was to fire Keane but not Devine.

Busch could see the logic in not bouncing them together. His candidate for outer darkness, however, was Devine. He could understand, he said, that Keane might believe that his primary loyalty was to his players. Yes, a manager did have to protect his players. But Devine, as general manager, was a company man. He was supposed to be Busch's eyes in the organization. Devine's loyalty, he maintained, should have gone unquestionably to the owner, not to the manager. Keane could stay on to the end of the season, Gussie decided, but Devine was through.

This may seem like a silly and trivial reason for firing the top man in your organization. Except for one thing. There are no silly or trivial reasons for firing a man you'd like to get rid of anyway. I think we are safe in saying that if Gussie's confidence in Bing had not already been undermined, Bing wouldn't have had to suffer through anything worse than a stiff lecture on the responsibilities of corporate management.

Rickey, a most unlikely advocate, continued to argue that Keane was the man who should be fired, not Devine. Guessing Rickey's motives is a game the baseball world has been playing, with indifferent success, for more than 50 years. Branch, being nobody's fool, would

know how the press was going to handle the firing of Devine, and he could guess what wise old octogenarian was going to be accused of having stabbed him in the back. Branch might be willing to risk that in order to get rid of Bing, but with Bing so completely out of favor Branch would be in complete command anyway.

Besides, Papa Branch's instinct for survival has always been very sharp. If they started firing general managers instead of managers, who knew who might be next? There is, of course, one other possibility we have to face up to manfully. Rickey may have been trying to do nothing more than give Busch the best possible advice.

The one time Gussie should have listened to Branch, he didn't. After he had cooled down a little, he did decide to follow Rickey's counsel to a degree. He decided to delay Devine's execution for a few days so that he would be in a position to introduce his new general manager, preferably a well-known one, at the same time he was announcing the regrettable but unavoidable retirement of Devine.

How do I know this? Oh, come on now! You mean you can't guess what universally beloved and thoroughly unemployed operator eventually came to Gussie's mind?

One evening toward mid-August I was reclining comfortably on my sofa watching the 11 o'clock news and dreaming my usual dreams of fame and fortune when I received a phone call from an old St. Louis friend. "I am authorized," he told me, "to offer you the job of running the Cardinals. You can pick your own title—general manager, president or whatever else you might want to call yourself—but you'll be in complete control and you can name your own figure. Wouldn't it be great to operate in St. Louis with all the money you need, Bill, instead of trying to make it on a short bankroll?"

Well, I've got my pride, too. I reminded him that since I'd operated in Cleveland and Chicago with money pouring out of my tight little ears it would not really mark that unique a turn in my career.

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"What about Devine?" I asked. "They're obviously getting ready to unload him. I wouldn't do that hastily if I were Gusse. He's got a good man there."

It was made clear to me that Bing was on the way out. Period. "The job is yours if you want it," he said. And then, quite unnecessarily, he emphasized, "I'm speaking for Mr. Busch, you understand."

"Look," I told him, "I'm very flattered. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't flattered. But I'll tell you something. You have to work just as hard operating a club for someone else as for yourself. If I couldn't buy a substantial piece of the club I wouldn't be interested and, obviously, Mr. Busch isn't going to sell me any stock."

Three or four days later Devine was fired. With Bing out, Rickey brought in Bob Howsam, who had once run the Denver franchise in the American Association.

On August 28 the Los Angeles Dodgers came to town for a three-game series. Busch, listening to one of the games from his farm, heard Leo Durocher being interviewed. Leo was saying what a great job Gene Mauch was doing in leading the Phillies to the pennant. Durocher was so impressed with Mauch, in fact, that he gave him the highest praise within his power to confer. He said that Mauch managed a club just like Leo Durocher. In discussing his own fallen fortunes, however, Leo grew humble. During the days when he was being offered managerial jobs, he said, he had been too arrogant. He had either turned the jobs down flatly or demanded a piece of the ball club. Now that he was willing to manage on any terms, Leo said, there were no offers.

Busch had always liked the Durocher type of manager, so much so that he had hired two imitation Durochers, Eddie Stanky and Solly Hemus. When the original was recalled so forcefully to his mind Busch put in a call to the station and arranged for Leo to come secretly out to his farm the following morning. What Gusse told Leo in effect was: "Look, it's no secret that

we're thinking of making a change next year. If we do, and if you're available, I want you to manage for me."

While that isn't a definite commitment, it's just about as close as you can come. Busch knew he would be looking for a manager at the end of the year, and so did Durocher and everybody else. As for Leo, there was no doubt whatsoever that he could make himself available at a moment's notice. Leo being Leo, the word soon went out along all communications media, including Radio Free Europe, that he was all set to become the next Cardinal manager.

But, as everyone knows, the Cardinals—sparked by Devine's last acquisition, Lou Brock—suddenly got hot. You could see a nicely developing situation where the Cards could finish as high as second place, leaving Gusse in the embarrassing position of having already fired the man who had put the team together and now having to bounce the manager who brought them home with such a rush.

The pennant? Naw, there's no chance of winning the pennant. It's Magic Number time, Mac. What do you want the Phillies to do for you, collapse?

And then it was as if Somebody Up There blew a whistle. The Cards couldn't lose, the Phillies couldn't do anything except lose and Gusse Busch had become the first right-handed beer baron to make himself look utterly ridiculous while winning a pennant and world championship.

It had become unthinkable, impossible and unpolitic to fire Keane. The manager who had been publicly humiliated was now sitting pretty. "Isn't it great," everybody was saying, "Keane is in a position now to keep Gusse on the griddle and then write his own ticket."

That wasn't the true situation at all, though. Keane, as a matter of fact, was on the griddle far more than Gusse Busch. He could write his own ticket, Keane knew, only because Bing Devine had tried to protect him and had lost his job in the process. Everything had been turned upside down. If Busch was in a position where the higher his team finished the worse he looked, Keane was

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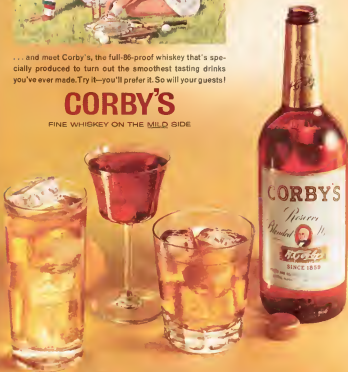
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"Let's wait until after the World Series," Keane suggested.

It all builds up, as we know, to the press conference at which Keane's rehiring was to be officially announced and recorded. It never occurred to Gussie Busch that Keane wouldn't gratefully accept the new contract. But at the conference the colorless, if no longer anonymous, Johnny Keane displayed a most laudable sense of the dramatic and a sure instinct for the jugular. He and Bing Devine had been treated shabbily by Busch, and now Keane was paying him back. He knew very well Busch would be sitting there with a blank contract and a roomful of reporters in attendance. Don't tell me he couldn't have got word to Gussie somewhere along the line that he wasn't coming back. But he didn't. Some of the newspapermen who were there have told me that Gussie went into a state of shock. They told me that if Keane hadn't stayed around and drawn the questions to himself, the conference would have ended in a total shambles.

Poor Gussie. After 12 years he had finally won a championship, and all he seemed to be getting out of it was abuse. For one of the few times in his life the St. Louis papers, which have generally treated him with the utmost respect, ripped into him. Bing Devine, the general manager Busch had fired, was voted major league Executive of the Year. And Johnny Keane, the manager he had intended to fire and then had tried desperately to keep, left him flat to become manager of the New York Yankees, the No. 1 job in baseball.

Which brings us to the second half of the drama.

When the Yankees won the pennant, the most astonished person in the country was Ralph Houk. Houk, like Busch and Rickey, had quit on his team, and he had quit with far less reason. The Cardinals didn't really have any right to win the pennant, and when they did Busch had already taken steps that were irrevocable. Houk decided in August 1) that the Yankees were going to lose, 2) that it was all Yogi Berra's fault and

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3) that Yogi would therefore have to go. When they fooled him and won after all he could have changed his mind, yet he went ahead with his plan just as if they hadn't.

Houk's rigidity is that of the combat leader who insists that the mission must be accomplished whatever the opposition, whatever the odds. As a combat leader, Houk would study the terrain, absorb the intelligence reports, map out the battle plan and attack. If the battle plan called for him to take a machine-gun nest you could be confident that he would either take it or go down moving toward it. You could be equally confident that his men would follow him every step of the way.

If it turned out that the intelligence report was wrong, that the terrain was rougher than he had been told, that there was a machine gun hitting them from an unknown angle, he would still follow the battle plan and he would still either take his objective or go down moving toward it. Which makes Houk a whale of a combat leader but a disastrous general.

As a manager, Houk had an absolute horror of being accused of pushing the panic button. By his definition any change in plans is a sign of panic. For instance, Houk was most reluctant to bring up any player during the season. As far as he was concerned, he had very carefully picked his squad during spring training, considering every angle, filling every hole, and to cull up some other player to fill some spot that was not being adequately covered was an admission that he had been wrong.

It worked for him as a manager. Of course, it helps a little to have a squad with the ability of the Yankees, but it also helps if you have the ability, which Ralph Houk does have in abundance, to convince the players that they can do anything you tell them they can do. Unfortunately for Houk, the promotion to the front office brought out his worst quality, that total inability to improvise, and negated his greatest virtue, his ability to lead men. To adjust one's plans to changing conditions is not, of course, a sign of panic at all. It is a sign of balance, of intelligence, of real leadership.

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VEECK *prelude*

Freezing to an outdated situation—that is a sign of panic.

The decision to make Yogi Berra, of all people, the manager of the Yankees was admittedly one of the most moon-struck episodes in baseball. Furthermore, pitting him against Casey Stengel of the crosstown Mets was the worst mismatch in history. No boxing commission would have allowed it. Yogi is a completely manufactured product. He is a case study of this country's unlimited ability to gull itself and be gulled. Yogi had originally become a figure of fun because with his corrugated face and his squat body he looked as if he should be funny. When he turned out to be a great ballplayer in spite of his odd appearance, a natural feeling of warmth went out to him, as to the ugly duckling who makes it big in a world of swans. It pleased the public to think that this odd-looking little man with the great natural ability had a knack for mouthing humorous truths with the sort of primitive peasant wisdom we rather expect of our sports heroes. Besides, there was that marvellous nickname. You say "Yogi" at a banquet and everybody automatically laughs, something Joe Garagiola discovered to his profit many years ago.

Casey Stengel, an earlier prospector in those fields, had made this discovery long before Garagiola. Casey had always bounced his best lines off Yogi. Newspapermen and magazine writers, picking it up, were happy enough to go along with the act, since it made their own jobs that much easier and also because, I suppose, enough of them eventually came to believe it themselves.

As manager, Yogi got the Yankees space in the papers, which was, when you come right down to it, what he was hired for, although he still didn't come close to the Grand Old Globe of Shea Stadium. But, then, Stengel had something going for him. Casey is a legitimately funny man.

There is, however, one point that should be added here, irrelevant though it might be. Yogi did do one thing that Stengel didn't. Yogi won the pennant, and Casey finished last. Berra cut it close, winning by only one game, but the pennant was really pretty much looked up

through the entire final week. And, whatever their protestations, a close race was exactly what the Yankees wanted.

Did Berra make mistakes? Of course he did. Stengel had spent a lifetime managing before he came to the Yankees. Houk had served a three-year apprenticeship in the minors and three more years coaching under Stengel. Berra had spent one year as a player-coach. When he was hired, it was obviously with the tacit understanding that he was going to be permitted to make his mistakes right out there in the open where everybody could see them. It didn't seem quite fair



As early as August, Ralph Houk decided that Yogi Berra should not be rebound.

to tell him, at the end of the year, that he had been on probation all the time.

How much help was he given? As a freshman manager he needed, above all else, a wise old head as pitching coach. Houk's first move as general manager was to dump his wise old head, Johnny Sain. To replace him, Houk and Berra picked Whitey Ford, giving the freshman manager a freshman pitching coach, and a part-time one at that.

The pitching got messed up, no question about it. And Yogi was at least partly to blame. He was using his long relievers short and his short relievers long and, like all new managers, he was waiting too long before he got his starting pitcher out of there.

The team's hitting was below Yankee standard.

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standards, too. Yet with all their difficulties, the Yankees did come on with that rush down the stretch. Unless I have been sadly misinformed by all those sensation-seeking columnists, the manager during that stretch run was Yogi Berra.

And now something else. Never in my experience has a manager of a pennant-contending team been more shabbily served by his general manager during his time of trouble than Berra was served by Houk. During the entire year Houk made only one move. He brought up Mel Stottlemyre, who was widely acknowledged to be the best pitcher in the minor leagues.

Ramos, you say? Oh, no. Ramos wasn't Houk's idea, although he has shown no particular reluctance to accept the credit. Ramos was Dan Topping's idea. When Houk was consulted he argued that the Yankees were too far behind for Ramos to make that much difference. Houk's solution wasn't to go out and get a relief pitcher: it was to fire Berra.

Nor did Ralph stand by his manager like an oak when the players came to his office to cry that Yogi was a poor manager and notably lacking in the essential qualities of gentlemanly behavior and inspiring leadership. It would seem far more probable that they departed with the distinct impression that they wouldn't have to put up with Yogi's cradles for another year, since, as the season progressed, the players felt increasingly free to express their complaints to newspapermen.

To be fair about it, though, I could be doing both Houk and the players an injustice. These were players who had become accustomed over a period of years to bringing their troubles to Houk. Ralph himself is accustomed, by background and by nature, to listening to the troops and distrusting everyone else. It was natural enough, perhaps, that the players would influence him all out of proportion to their intent. It was perhaps inevitable that he would see massive indictment in what they only meant as mild complaint. After that has been said, however, it is still clear enough that it was hardly any service to Berra to permit the players to come around behind

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the manager's back and weep on his ready shoulder.

When you sum up Berra's year as manager, then, you have to say that he was thrown into the job cold, that his team fell apart on him, that there was a minimum of help from the front office and that he was being undercut by some of his players. And still he won. I wouldn't award him a gold star for the year, but I wouldn't give him a failing mark either. Not by a long shot.

So Berra is gone, and Houk remains to chart the future course. In one way you have to sympathize with him. Now that CBS owns the Yankees, Houk is suddenly playing in a league he knows nothing about. He will find that these faceless television people who smile and cozen him have a ruthlessness such as he has never seen before. He is in there with the mechanical men of our time, with men who are activated solely by the figures being fed them from a machine. We have achieved the age of the robot. If the ratings *is* *it*, the attendance continues to go down, the Mets, who finished last, outdrew the Yankees by almost half a million fans; they will cheap Houk down, effortlessly, routinely, almost thoughtlessly.

If Ralph does go, he will be replaced by about a dozen CBS vice-presidents. And won't that be fun! If there is anything more ridiculous than a corporate vice-president trying to run a ball club, it is a committee of corporate vice-presidents trying to run a ball club. Comedians, sportswriters and other opportunists should be able to have a field day with them.

The Yankee image was badly scarred and tarnished by the World Series. Where it had previously been cold, austere and chillingly efficient, it became cold, austere and clumsy. In the Series they kicked four games away, something not even the most visionary Yankee-haters ever expected to see.

In the managerial exodus that followed, both the Cardinals and the Yankees suffered a public-relations disaster. After Kearse quit, Busch did what he had to do to appease the Cardinal fans. He accepted the more or less forced resignation of Branch Rickey. To replace

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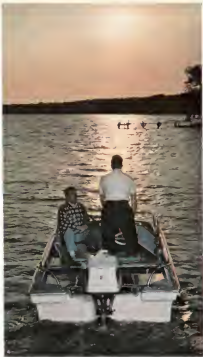
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Keane, Busch hired a local hero, Red Schoendienst. But Gussie is an honorable man. Before he hired Schoendienst, he called Leo Durocher. "I told you that you would be my manager if the job was open," he said. "But under the circumstances, I can't hire you. I know I've gone back on my agreement. What do I owe you?"

Leo has never been famous for his charitable impulses, but where baseball is concerned he does have a code of his own. Leo has always said that if you didn't want him to work for you he didn't want your money, a code which would have wrecked Rogers Hornsby's highly profitable career as a nonmanager. Leo sticks to it. "If I can't work for you," he told Busch, "I don't want your money."

Besides, Leo is a riverboat gambler. He'd rather stay in the running for the big prize, just in case Gussie finds himself looking for a manager again in the near future. Money Leo can always get.

The aftermath of the Series hurt the Yankees even more than it hurt the Cardinals. The firing of Berra left a feeling of distaste among most baseball fans, which the Mets quickly capitalized on by hiring Berra as a coach. (This guy Grant, or whoever is calling the shots for the Mets, is a really good operator.)

With Keane as manager, the Yankees still have problems. As a publicity-getter, Keane isn't going to be the slightest competition for Stengel. Sure, everybody likes him. But once you've disposed of that, you're left an essentially drab, colorless man.

Secondly, if Keane doesn't win the pennant, all the all feeling about Berra's firing will be reactivated. And even if he does win, he could very well leave the Yankees and go across town to the Mets, where his old friend Bing Devine is now assistant to the president. That would be a perfect ending to the whole crazy episode.

Next Week

In Part 2 Bill Veck discloses the unpublished details of the sale of the New York Yankees to CBS and explains why he thinks the deal may yet be canceled.

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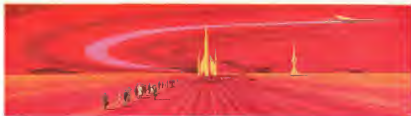
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The Children's Hour of Groaning and Gore

The Crippler and the Mauler were two regular American boys who had a taste for mayhem and staged a school wrestling match with a sense of theater that got a little out of hand

by BILL MACKAY

Some folks in the Minnesota community where I was reared occasionally recall with glee the famous fight to the finish between the Crippler and the Mauler. By comparison, many of today's professional wrestling matches are as tame as a dance around the maypole at a Sunday school picnic. I should know. I was one of the combatants.

In our town one of the annual entertainment highlights was the all-school gym show. Each able-bodied boy in Mr. Wilson's physical education classes was expected to display his prowess before an audience of parents. This created an embarrassing problem for my buddy, Bob Chasen, and me. We were far from Mr. Wilson's prize pupils. Elephants undoubtedly could be taught to tumble with more grace and skill than we. Bob and I envisioned ourselves on the rings, swinging in huge daring arcs like circus acrobats high above the crowd. Denied that, we would have settled for starring roles on the horizontal or parallel bars. But Mr. Wilson was a humanitarian who shrank from the prospect of watching two 12-year-old boys maim themselves for life. Whenever he caught either of us on the bars or ropes he would smack us across the rear of our gym trunks

with the sole of a rubber sneaker that he habitually carried in his hip pocket.

Bob and I did one thing well. We called it "rasslin'," and we performed for our own enjoyment on vacant lots in the dust of summer and sometimes in the mud of spring. Our recreation placed heavy strain upon the clothing budgets of our respective families and often led to tempestuous scenes with our parents.

We approached Mr. Wilson. We knew he liked to provide some type of comedy relief for the gym show. The previous year had featured a hilarious Mutt and Jeff boxing match between the school runt and a huge fat boy who weighed close to 200 pounds.

Mr. Wilson said: "How about if I show you how to do it like the pros?"

Our hearts leaped up. The unabashed esteem we had for Mr. Wilson stemmed from the fact that not only had he played big-time college football but he had also been a professional wrestler.

Mr. Wilson taught us how to fake a forearm smash to the face and to pretend a vicious knee in the groin or stomach. We learned that it was possible to hurl oneself upon a reclining opponent with a grand sailing leap, taking the jolt of landing on our forearms and knees but mak-

ing it seem as if we had smashed his rib cage beyond any hope of repair. We quickly mastered the art of placing an open hand under the other's chin while simultaneously launching a fearsome overhand punch. The thwack of fist hitting open palm sounded for all the world as if the victim's lower face had been caved in.

Most important, under Mr. Wilson's tutelage we came to understand that to make the carnage appear realistic required acting skill. We learned to react to our opponent's assaults as if we had been mortally wounded. We developed a splendid repertoire of assorted groans and grimaces. We beat terrible tattoos upon the mat with our hands and feet as if enduring indescribable agonies. Bob became expert at pitiful screams.

We practiced tirelessly, intent upon making certain that we would be the hit of the show. Aside from that, I was eager to erase the memory of last year's sixth-grade music festival, where I had been forced to appear onstage holding hands with a girl while singing in duet *It's Only a Shanty in Old Shanty Town*.

After countless hours of rehearsal we developed almost conditioned reflexes. I would chop Bob savagely across the back

continued

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Groaning and Gore

of his neck with the edge of my hand, causing him to pitch face foremost on the mat as if unconscious. He would smash me in the face, and I would drop as if felled by a blow from a double-hued ax.

Warning to our task, we sought ways to develop even more showmanship. We pestered our mothers into dyeing our long winter woolen underwear, mine a blazing crimson, his a regal blue. Worn under our bathing suits, they made strikingly colorful tights. My brother, who had some talent for hand-lettering, turned out two beautiful signs on white wrapping paper begged from the lady who ran the bakery shop. One read: **CRIPLER CRASSEN**, the other **MAULER MACKAY**. We pinned them to the backs of our bathrobes.

And we came up with two more pieces of theatrics, so secret that we told no one about them.

Mr. Wilson was appreciative. "You boys will be a riot," he promised. He showed us the mimeographed programs he had prepared. It listed the gymnasts and pyramid builders by name. In a special section, set off by heavy black lines, we read:

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Thus, of course, necessitated further rehearsals. We decided that my East Indian Death Grip would be a backbreaker whereby I would appear to snap Bob's spine across my knee. He applied his Paralyzer by placing his fingers on my jugular vein, immediately rendering me senseless and rigid.

As Mr. Wilson predicted, our appearance on the auditorium stage was greeted by waves of laughter and applause. Shortly after getting the mayhem under way, we sprang our first surprise. Bob dropped me with a right hand to the chin. I got up. He knocked me down. I arose on rubber legs. He belted me once more. I staggered to my feet and spit out four teeth. The audience gasped at the sight of my horrible toothless grimace. The lost teeth were in truth four ivory beams and my apparent dental tragedy had been achieved by hacking out my four front teeth with licorice.

After a time, it was Bob's turn to shock

the onlookers. We maneuvered ourselves to the corner of the mat where he had deposited his bathrobe. In its pocket was a small jar of watered ketchup that had been removed by stealth from his mother's kitchen. After I had felled him with a series of forearm smashes, he lay inert upon his stomach facing away from the audience. Leaving him there for dead, I pranced about beating my chest and hysterically proclaiming myself the victor. The crowd's attention thus diverted, Bob was able to sneer his hands lavishly with the ketchup. He arose, obviously defenseless, and I resumed my sadistic headhunting attack with fists and forearms. He dropped to his knees, pitifully covering his face with his hands. When he at last struggled upright and presented his gory visage to public view, several women in the audience screamed.

Next, I applied my East Indian Death Grip. Bob escaped just in time. He retaliated with the Paralyzer which, naturally, transported me to dreamland. However, my Death Grip had done its awful work. As he arose to accept the plaudits of the crowd, he clutched his back, groaned terribly, tottered and collapsed. Mr. Wilson called it a draw.

After the curtain had come down, Bob and I lay upon the mat congratulating each other and awaiting the expected tumultuous ovation. But, as sometimes happens with dramatic actors, we had somehow failed to captivate our audience. Applause was polite and scattered.

Next morning, during Mr. Wilson's third-period gym class, Bob and I begged him to allow us to do it again next year. Mr. Wilson appeared to think otherwise. It seemed that the telephone in the school office had been jangling without letup throughout the morning. Obviously the well-bred of our community were unfamiliar with the fraudulent aspects of professional wrestling. Several of the callers asked when Bob and I might be expected to be up and around again. Some suggested starting a fund to help our parents with the medical and dental bills. Others characterized Mr. Wilson as a corrupter of youth. A few wondered aloud whether or not he might be legally charged with contributing to the delinquency of minors. Words such as "resign" and "fire" peppered their complaints.

We were sorry for Mr. Wilson—but, deep down, we were mighty consoled about those angry calls. They were better than applause.

END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Maybe the NEW YORK Yankees (2-4) are really dead for a change, not just playing possum. Elston Howard and Roger Maris were injured, with Howard out for six weeks. Mickey Mantle's gritty legs restricted him to pinch-hitting. Pitching ace Whitey Ford lost twice. And five regulars continued to hit under .200. Trade winds raged. Dispatched to Kansas City with Pincher Rollie Sheldon for light-hitting Catcher Doc Edwards, John Blanchard stated: "Ralph Houk is no smart for something like this. It's the worst trade I've heard of in my life." Rumors had Atlanta First Baseman Jim Gentile moving to New York. Anaheim-bound LOS ANGELES (7-1) renamed Dodger Stadium "Ucer Gulch" after winning four one-run games. Dean Chance, Fred Newman and Marcelino Lopera each won two games. Rookie Third Baseman Paul Schaaf led the Angels in home runs and RBIs. He kept a book on opposing pitchers "to find out how they got me out." Ralph Terry of CLEVELAND (4-2) needed only 70 pitches to blank his former Yankee mates. Fred Whitfield (13 for 25) cracked three homers, drove in 13 runs. WASHINGTON (4-2) won three from New York, as Frank Howard (three-loaded triple), Jim King (pinch-hit two-run homer) and Relievers Ron Kline and Steve Ridenik keyed late-inning drives. Camilo Pascual hit another homer, also matched Jim Grant's two complete-game victories for MINNESOTA (4-2). Taking advantage of bad fielding, CINCINNATI (4-2) scored 10 runs against Detroit (3 errors) and 13 against the Twins (7 errors). Joe Horlen and John Burkhardt four-hit the Tigers in both ends of a doubleheader. Recuperating Charlie Drevon promised

an early return to action (11-5) saying, "My heart feels fine." It better. Al Kaline's 15th-inning homer beat Baltimore but provided small solace for a week of horrendous baseball. KANSAS CITY (2-5) won as many games as it did in all of April and gained the league lead in hitting. Bullpen refugee Fred Tolbot won his second straight start. BALTIMORE's (3-3) Robin Roberts gained victory No. 274 and said, "Sure, I want 300, but I don't worry about totals." Bench-warmed with a fractured thumb, MVP Brooks Robinson started a winning rally with a pinch single. Jerry Adair's errorless at-bat ended at 454 chances and 89 games. DETROIT (1-6) gave away 15,000 bats, then scored 15 runs to win its only game. Dick Radatz (6.75 ERA) was bombed again. Shuddered Manager Billy Herman, "If we can't get him straightened away, we're in trouble."

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The Willie Mays-Den Drysdale beanball vendetta simmered down when NL President Warren Giles telegraphed restraint warnings to SAN FRANCISCO (3-3) and LOS ANGELES (5-1) players before their weekend series in Candlestick Park. But nothing cooled Mays' vendetta with outfield barriers. Chasing a line drive off Drysdale's bat, Mays buried himself futilely at a fence and slumped face down on the ground. The Giants' franchise teetered for a minute or so before Willie got to his feet and insisted that he remain in the game. In the bottom half of the same inning he batted against Drysdale. Don said later, "As soon as the ball left my fingers, I could see Willie's eyes light up and I could hear his bat rattle." Willie slammed a double but departed for treatment of his twisted neck two innings later. "I have never seen a more spectacular effort by an outfielder," admitted Drysdale. The fourth inning against the Dodgers capped a great week for Mays, who also celebrated his 34th birthday by giving a champagne party on the Giants' flight home from St. Louis. Willie hit five home runs and led the majors with 10 in 22 games. However, the Giants had problems, particularly as first base. Orlando Cepeda's knee troubles placed him on the disabled list, Willie McCovey was spiked and Harvey Kuenn wrenched his back. Shortstop Jose Pagan did not hit or field and was replaced by Jim Davenport, who had four hits against St. Louis. The Dodgers, meanwhile, won five straight to take over first place. Handyman Dick Tracyowski, replacing injured John Kennedy at third, homered to beat Cincinnati and won a regular job. Derrell Griffith, recalled from Spokane to fill in for Tommy Davis, hit well. PHILADELPHIA (3-2) finally

showed some late-inning punch as Johnny Callison—"As he goes, we go," said Manager Gene Mauch—started the tying rally in the ninth and the winning rally in the 11th against St. Louis. Red Stars (3-1) maintained its ties on Chicago, winning three of four and prompting sign-stealing charges from the Cubs. Manager Luman Harris argued, "Connie Mack told me when I have a hunch to play it." He called a pinchout and caught Roberto Pena at the plate to abort a suicide squeeze. CUBS won (3-4) lost hitting practice four successive days because of bad weather. "I don't know where the plate is," complained Ron Santo. Yogi Berra, 40, Ed Kenepp, 20, and Ron Swoboda, 20, all won games for NEW YORK (3-2). "Pretty soon Swoboda [286, 7 HR] will start to correct his mistakes," said Manager Casey Stengel. Bill White doubled his 1964 home-run production against left-handers when he hit two off the Giants' Bob Hendley, but St. Louis (2-4) pitchers yielded gopher balls at a 2-1 rate. PETERSBURG (2-4) completed a 3-12 "worst ever" road trip by beating Cincinnati in what Manager Harvey Walker called, "My biggest game as Pirate manager." Walker also urged the Pirates to play like Don Hoak, the infielder turned broadcaster who enters managerial ambitions. It was foggy in PITTSBURGH (3-2) the day after only 913 saw the Braves beat the Astros. So Houston Outfielder Al Spangler joked, "The fog will hold the crowd down." Pinch-hitting CINCINNATI (2-4) rookie Art Shamsky homered, then went apartment hunting. "It looks like I've made it here," he said. Jim O'Toole lost his fourth straight. Said Manager Dick Sisler, "I don't know where O'Toole's last ball went."

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK



Willie Mays

LEADING ROOKIES: BATTING

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AB	R	HR	REB	BA
Shamky, Cin	14	6	1	2	.429
Pearl, Cin	32	12	2	10	.406
Swoboda, NY	50	36	7	14	.370
Lefflore, LA	10	10	2	7	.371
Wright, Min	96	25	1	4	.262
Brockmeyer, Hou	33	8	0	3	.242
Pena, Cle	85	19	2	8	.234
Beckett, Cle	55	20	0	6	.204

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AB	R	HR	REB	BA
Canfield, LA	46	25	7	11	.295
Batista, Bos	47	12	6	13	.271
Ryan, Bos	19	5	2	4	.263
Sullivan, Det	37	7	1	6	.259
Schall, LA	14	10	6	16	.257
Ryan, Bal	38	17	7	7	.218
Brett, Cle	43	12	1	5	.190
McCabe, Wash	24	4	1	5	.187
A. Lopez, NY	26	4	0	0	.154
Shekely, LA	53	8	1	8	.159
McBryde, Bal	36	5	0	7	.139
Pennells, Bos	36	4	0	0	.111

Based on totals through Wednesday, May 8

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

YANKEE YUKS

SIR:

As an avid Met fan I had until now steadfastly adhered to the axiom set forth by all advocates of Metsomania, i.e., hate the Yankees. Having read Jack Mann's article, *A New Come Act in New York* (May 3), my animosity toward the once mighty team of mammoth immortals has been lessened considerably. Mr. Mann's article on the Yankees parallels Charles Beard's historical work on the signers of our Constitution, in which Beard most successfully and empathetically humanized the Founding Fathers.

TIMOTHY H. BARRON

Chapel Hill, N.C.

SIR:

Is this an attempt to prevent the Yankees in a new, more sympathetic light? A leopard doesn't change its spots. I wonder how the comic touch will be regarded at the end of this season.

DAVID HART

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

These Yankee clowns certainly do not resemble their illustrious predecessors, who would be in hiding after dogging it in two consecutive World Series.

BEN CURLOW

New York City

WHITE NOSE

SIR:

Along with your coverage of the Kentucky Derby and its sentimental favorite, Bold Lad, I feel you should have given a little space to another sentimental favorite, the history-making pure-white 2-year-old filly named White Beauty, whom you mentioned in your SCORECARD section last November 2.

White Beauty, probably the first all-white Thoroughbred ever to race, won the fourth at Keeneland in her third start on April 22 under the superb guidance of jockey Ken Knapp.

H. E. GASTLE, M.D.

Lakefield, Ont.

• In her other two starts at Keeneland, White Beauty finished ninth and third. In her fourth race, the Debutante Stakes at Churchill Downs on Derby Day (see right), the white charmer came in seventh in a 10-horse field.—ED.

NOT-SO-SOFT AMERICANS

SIR:

In the light of your continuing interest in the President's physical-fitness program and in answer to the many detractors who have

slighted and slandered our teen-agers, I thought you might be interested in a firsthand account of one physical challenge that was successfully met. In the face of the most devastating Mississippi River flood in history, the teen-agers from our area, grade school through college, put on the greatest display of physical endurance, selflessness, teamwork and sheer guts it has been my privilege to witness. They toiled countless hours in the cold and rain, constantly threatened with injury or loss of life. Time and again they beat back the fury of the river. They suffered their discomforts with laughs and ignored their aches and bruises.

I am sure that this situation was duplicated many, many times in the other river communities affected by the flood. Don't worry about this generation of "soft-living," "soft-bellied" teeners. They pulled us through this emergency and will continue to do battle and survive the legacy of trouble with which we burden them.

WILLIAM D. THIERNAN

Moline, Ill.

JENKINS' JOKERS

SIR:

The piece by Dan Jenkins (*You're Nobody Till Somebody Hates You*, May 3) was something else. I'm with you, Dan. My current reaction involves a bold advance to the rear (entirely different from a retreat, wh) from Arnie's Army, Jack's Pack and Lema's Legion.

Problem is, shall I re-enlist in Zarley's Zealots, Yancey's Banshees, Weaver's Believers, Dill's Escadrille, Knooe's Meccas, Beard's Band, Martindale's Nightingales, Glover's Gang, McGowan's Clowns, Hart's Upstarts or Archer's Marchers?

Sign me quick, Sarge. Issue full field pack and plenty of foot powder.

ELIS D. ROBERTS

Cleveland

SIR:

I expect Dan Jenkins will have to wait a few years for Medicine Hat golfers to appear on the pro tour. After all, we still play on prairie wool, instead of seeded fairways. We discarded sand greens a few years back, but it is doubtful whether our greens will compare with those at Muleshoe.

Provs not Ardent golfers yet!

LEN FLYNN

Medicine Hat, Alta

THE REIGN IN BOSTON

SIR:

Your article concerning the playoff between Boston and Los Angeles was very confusing (*The Playoff Was Child's Play*, May 3). I could not tell whether Mr. Deford was feeling sorry for Los Angeles or whether he considered that Boston was just lucky. In any case, he failed to give credit where it was due: to the late owner, Walter Brown, Coach Red Auerbach, the great Boston crowd, and most of all to the Boston players themselves. This team has had the longest reign in sports history. Anyone watching the game that Sunday would have to agree that they are the greatest team ever. I think that it runs indoors for Mr. Deford.

WAYNE ELIAS

Fairfield, Iowa

SIR:

It could be I am chauvinistic, but I think Frank Deford needs a technical foul called on him. The implication is that the Celtics

continued





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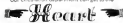


Carefully. Use a reamer and scrape so you cut only the carbon, not the bowl. One way to stop superficial caking from forming is to scrape the bowl several times a week.

A day needs a box, a boy needs his father, and his father his pipe.



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NEW HAVEN
HARTFORD

10TH HOLE continued

swamped the Lakers because Los Angeles was depleted by injuries. If memory serves me correctly, Boston's season record was 7-3 (four wins in Los Angeles) against a healthy Laker squad. There can be no question about Jerry West's offensive brilliance, but it seems that Mr. Deford dribbled around Sam Jones's superb all-around performance. He talks mainly about the Celtics' Russell-led defense, which almost everyone recognizes as nonpareil. However, teams win games by putting the ball through the hoop and, therefore, it should be mentioned that during this series they won the first game by the largest score ever assumed in playoff history. And, furthermore, they won the deciding fifth game by one of the biggest point spreads ever. As a matter of fact, at one stretch in the fifth game the Celtics ran off 20 straight points to the opposition's zero.

Mr. Deford concludes by stating that it never seems to rain indoors for Red Auerbach & Co. Nevertheless, long may they reign!

LOU STERNBERG

Newton Centre, Mass.

Sirs:

The sports fans of this area of New England are proud of the Boston Celtics. We finally have a winning team, and that means something. Before Mr. Deford goes stepping on other people's toes, he had better take a long look at his beloved city of New York. When he begins to "cry" and become upset about the long reign of the Yankees, then and only then can he spread a little "wisdom" in our neighborhood.

JOHN HUSSEY

Barrington, R.I.

TRIPLE PLAY

Sirs:

We at Kent State University were delighted to see your SCORECARD mention of our newest celebrity, the son of Jimmie Fox (April 19). However, I would like to call your attention to an inadvertent error.

The boy's correct name is James Emory Fox III, not II. In this case, the significance of young Jimmie's full name has not gone unnoticed at Kent State. Everybody knows his slugging dad was called Double X in his big-league heyday with the A's and Red Sox. Hence, we've dubbed his handsome son Triple X. This accentuates the importance of labeling him James Emory Fox III.

JIM CARFIELD

Kent, Ohio

• There are two second-generation claimants to the Double X throne, Jimmie Fox Sr. married twice, and has a son by each marriage, both named after him. Thus the elder son became James Emory Fox Jr., the younger (Kent State's Triple X), James Emory Fox III.—ED

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